



J. Smibert. P.

J. Baire. Sculp.

238 e 44
P O E M S

BY

Allan Ramsay. K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Let them censure, what care I?
The herd of Criticks I defy.
No, no, the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
Govern the numbers of my Song:
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is sense that they repeat.*

PRIOR from ANACREON.



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P O E M S

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THE P R E F A C E.

'TIS none of the least of my diversions to see one part of the world laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own opinions and abilities ; but I shall never quarrel with any man whose temper is the reverse of mine, and enters not into the taste of the same pleasures. 'Tis as ridiculous for one to be disobliged at another's different way of thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a nose not of a shape with his. Every man is born with a particular bent, which will discover itself in spite of all opposition. Mine is obvious, which, since I knew, I never inclined to curb; but rather encouraged myself in the pursuit, though many difficulties lay in my way.

Whether poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous study in the world, is more than I dare affirm ; but I think so. Yet I am afraid, when the following Miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent character that belongs to the Epic Master, whose fire and flegm is equally blended.—But *Anacreon*, *Horace*, and *Waller*, were poets, and had souls warmed with true poetic flame, altho' their patience fell short of those who could bestow a number of years on the finishing one heroic poem, and justly claim the pre-eminence.

If I know any faults in my own productions, I am not fool enough to blaze them : perhaps they may be overlook'd by the indulgence of my best friends, for whom I write.—'Tis not to be doubted that I have enemies ; yes, I have been honoured with three or four satyres, but such wretched stuff, that several

of my friends would alledge upon me that I had wrote and published them myself (none of the worst Politicks, I own) to make the world believe I had no foes but fools. Such pedants as confine learning to the critical understanding of the dead languages, while they are ignorant of the beauties of their mother-tongue, do not view me with a friendly eye: but I'm even with them, when I tell them to their faces, without blushing, that I understand *Horace* but faintly in the original, and yet can feast on his beautiful thoughts dress'd in *British*;—and do not see any great occasion for every man's being made capable to translate the Classics, when they are so elegantly done to his hand. Nor do I value tho' Dr. *Bentley* heard this: and perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick, that this same Doctor had understood the *Latin* tongue as little as I.—If this paragraph chance to raise a nest of wasps, let them read the next to blunt their stings.

My chearful friends will pardon (a very essential qualification of a poet) my vanity, when, in self-defence, I inform the ignorant, that many of the finest spirits, and of the highest quality and distinction, eminent for literature and knowledge of mankind, from an affability which ever accompanies great minds, tell me, 'They are pleased with what I have done; and add, That my small knowledge of the dead or foreign languages, is nothing to my disadvantage. King *David*, *Homer*, and *Virgil*, say they, were more ignorant of the *Scots* and *English* tongue, than you are of *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*: pursue your own natural manner, and be an Original.' One may very easily imagine, that I hear this with abundance of secret satisfaction and joy. The ladies too are on my side; they grace my song with the sweetness of their voices, conn

The PREFACE:

v

over my Pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry tale.

*Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair,
My foes may envy, but despair.*

That I have exprest my thoughts in my native dialect, was not only inclination, but the desire of my best and wisest friends; and most reasonable, since good imagery, just similies, and all manner of ingenious thoughts, in a well laid design, disposed into numbers, is poetry.—Then good poetry may be in any language.—But some nations speak rough, and their words are confounded with a multitude of hard consonants, which makes the numbers unharmonious. Besides, their language is scanty, which makes a disagreeable repetition of the same words.—These are no defects in ours; the pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much fuller than the *English*, of which we are masters, by being taught it in our schools, and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native words, of eminent significancy, makes our tongue by far the completest: for instance, I can say, *an empty house, a toom barrel, a boss-head, and a hollow heart.*—Many such examples might be given, but let this one suffice.

I cannot here omit a paragraph or two of a Preface, wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, to a *London* edition of one of my Pastorals, after he has said some things very handsomely in my favour.—In behalf of our language he expresses himself thus: *The following Poem, if I am not mistaken (for I set up for no critic) is a true and just Pastoral, abounding with those beauties, which are either required, or are to be found in the best esteemed Pastorals.*

The Scoticisms, which perhaps may offend some over-nice ear, give new life and grace to the poetry,
and

and become their place as well as the Doric dialect of Theocritus, so much admired by the best judges. When I mention that tongue, I bewail my own little knowledge of it, since I meet with so many words and phrases so expressive of the ideas they are intended to represent. A small acquaintance with that language, and our English poets, will convince any man, that we spend too much time in looking abroad for trifling delicacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial, as well as a more elegant entertainment.

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon *English* poetry, such as the *Morning Interview*, *Content*, &c. but all their difference from the others is only in the orthography of some words; such as *from* for *frae*, *bold* for *bauld*, and some few names of things; and in those, tho' the words be pure *English*, the idiom or phraseology is still *Scots*.

Throughout the whole, I have only copied from nature; and with all precaution have studied, as far as it came within the ken of my observation and memory, not to repeat what has been already said by others, tho' it be next to impossible sometimes to stand clear of them, especially in the little Love-plots of a song.—There are, towards the end of this Miscellany, five or six imitations of *Horace*, which any acquainted with that author will presently observe.—I have only snatched at his thought and method in gross, and dress'd them up in *Scots*, without confining myself to no more or no less; so that these are only to be reckoned a following of his manner.

This is all I think needful in defence of my book, and to keep it in countenance with a Preface.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, on his
Poetical Works.

HAIL northern bard ! thou fav'rite of the Nine;
Bright, or as *Horace* did, or *Virgil* shine.
In ev'ry part of what thou'st done we find
How they, and great *Apollo* too, have join'd
To furnish thee with an uncommon skill,
And with poetick fire thy bosom fill.

Thy *Morning Interview* throughout is fraught
With tuneful numbers and majestick thought :
And *Celia*, who her lover's suit disdain'd,
Is by all-powerful gold at length obtain'd.

When wintry's hoary aspect makes the plains
Unpleasant to the nymphs and jovial swains ;
Sweetly thou do'st thy rural couples call
To pleasures known within *Edina's* wall.

When, *Allan*, thou, for reasons thou know'st best,
Doom'd busy *Cowper* to eternal rest :
What mortal could thine el'gy on him read,
And not have sworn he was defunct indeed !
Yet, that he might not lose accusom'd dues,
You rous'd him from the grave to open pews ;
Such magick, worthy *Allan*, hath thy muse. }

Th' experienc'd bawd, in aptest strains thou'st made
Early instruct her pupils in their trade ;
Left when their faces wrinkled are with age,
They should not eullies as when young engage.

viii *On Mr. Ramsay's Poetical Works.*

But on our sex why art thou so severe,
To wish for pleasure we may pay so dear :
Suppose that thou had'st, after cheerful juice,
Met with a strolling harlot wond'rous spruce,
And been by her prevail'd with to resort
Where claret might be drunk, or, if not, port ;
Suppose, I say, that this thou granted had,
And freedom took with the enticing jade,
Would'st thou not hope some artist might be found
To cure, if ought you ail'd, the smarting wound ?

When of the *Caledonian* garb you sing,
(Which from *Tartana's* distant clime you bring),
With how much force you recommend the plaid,
To ev'ry jolly swain, and lovely maid.
But if, as fame reports, some of those wights,
Who canton'd are among the rugged heights,
No breeks put on, should'st thou not them advise,
(Excuse me, *Ramsay*, if I am too nice)
To take, as fitting 'tis, some speedy care
That what should hidden be, appears not bare ;
Lest damsels, yet unknowing, should by chance,
Their nimble ogle t'wards the object glance :
If this thou do'st, we, who the south possess,
May teach our females how they ought to dress ;
But chiefly let them understand, 'tis meet
They should their legs hide more, if not their feet,
Too much by help of whale-bone now display'd,
Ev'n from the duchess to the kitchen-maid ;
But with more reason, those who give distaste,
When on their uncouth limbs our eyes we cast.

Thy other sonnets in each stanza shew,
What, when of love you think, thy muse can do.

On Mr. Ramsay's Poetical Works. ix

So movingly thou'lt made the am'rous swain,
Wish on the moor his lass to meet again,
That I, methinks, find an unusual pain.
Nor hast thou, chearful bard, exprest less skill,
When the brisk lass you sang of *Patie's-mill*;
Or *Susy*, whom the lad with yellow hair,
Thou'lt made in soft and pleasing notes prefer
To nymphs less handsome, constant, gay and fair.

In lovely strains kind *Nancy* you address,
And make fond *Willy* his coy *Jean* possess:
Which done, thou'lt blest the lad in *Nelly's* arms,
Who long had absent been 'midst dire alarms.
And artfully you've plac'd within the grove,
Jammie to hear his mistress own her love.

A gentle care you've found for *Strepbon's* breast,
By scornful *Betty* long depriv'd of rest.
And when the blissful pairs you thus have crown'd,
You'd have the glafs go merrily around,
To shake off care, and render sleep more sound.

Who e'er shall see, or hath already seen,
Those bonny lines call'd *Christ's kirk on the Green*,
Must own that thou hast, to thy lasting praise,
Deserv'd as well as royal *JAMES* the bays.
'Mong other things you've painted to the life,
A sot unactive lying by his wife,
Which oft'twixt wedded folks makes woful strife.

When 'gainst the scribbling knaves your pen you
drew,
How didst thou lash the vile presumptuous crew!
Not much fam'd *Butler*, who had gone before,
E'er ridicul'd his knight, or *Ralpho* more;
So well thou's done it, equal smart they feel,
As if thou'd pierc'd their hearts with killing steel.
They

They thus subdu'd, you in pathetick rhyme,
 A subject undertook that's more sublime,
 By noble thoughts, and words discreetly join'd,
 Thou taught'st me how I may contentment find.
 And when to *Addie's* fame you touch'd the lyre,
 Thou sang'st like one of the seraphick choir.
 So smoothly flow thy nat'ral rural strains,
 So sweetly too, you've made the mournful swains
 His death lament, what mortal can forbear
 Shedding, like us, upon his tomb a tear.

Go on, fam'd bard, thou wonder of our days,
 And crown thy head with never-fading bays ;
 While grateful *Britons* do thy lines revere,
 And value, as they ought, their *Virgil* here.

J. BURCHET.

To the AUTHOR.

AS once I view'd a rural scene,
 With summer's sweets profusely wild ;
 Such pleasure sooth'd my giddy sense,
 I ravish'd flood, while nature smil'd.

Straight I resolv'd and chose a field,
 Where all the spring I might transfer ;
 There stood the trees in equal rows,
 Here *Flora's* pride in one parterre.

The task was done, the sweets were fled,
 Each plant had lost its sprightly air,
 As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,
 Or to their will not matched were.

The

The narrow scene displeas'd my mind,
Which daily still more homely grew :
At length I fled the loathed sight,
And hy'd me to the fields a-new.

Here nature wanton'd in her prime ;
My fancy rang'd the boundless waste :
Each different sight pleas'd with surprize,
I welcom'd back the pleasures past.

Thus some who feel *Apollo's* rage,
Would teach their muse her dress and time,
'Till hamper'd so with rules of art,
They smother quite the vital flame.

The daily chime, the same dull tone,
Their muse no daring sallies grace,
But stiffly held with bit and curb,
Keeps heavy trot, tho' equal pace.

But who takes nature for his rule,
Shall by her gen'rous bounty shine ;
His easy muse revels at will,
And strikes new wonders every line.

Keep then, my friend, your native guide,
Never distrust her plenteous store,
Ne'er less propitious will she prove
Than now ; but, if she can, still more.

C. T.

To

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.

TOO blindly partial to my native tongue,
 Fond of the smoothness of our *English* song;
 At first thy numbers did uncouth appear,
 And shock'd the affected niceness of the ear.
 Thro' prejudice's eye each page I see;
 Tho' all were beauties, none were so to me.
 Yet sham'd at last, whilst all thy genius own,
 To have that genius hid from me alone;
 Resolv'd to find, for praise or censure, cause,
 Whether to join with all, or all oppose,
 Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again:
 At length the useful search requites my pain;
 My false distaste to instant pleasures turn'd,
 As much I envy as before I scorn'd:
 And thus the error of my pride to clear,
 I sign my honest recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, on the Publication
 of his Poems.

DEAR *Allan*, who that hears your strains,
 Can grudge that you should wear the bays,
 When 'tis so long since *Scotia's* plains
 Could boast of such melodious lays?

What

What tho' the criticks, snarling curs !
Cry out, your *Pegasus* wants reins ;
Bid them provide themselves of spurs ;
Such riders need not fear their brains.

A muse that's healthy, fair and sound,
With noble ardor fearless hastes
O'er hill and dale ; but carpet-ground
Was ay for tender-footed beasts.

E'en let the fustian coxcombs chuse
Their carpet-ground ; but the green field
Was held a walk for *Virgil's* muse,
And *Virgil* was an unco' chield !

Your muse, upon her native stock
Subsisting, raises thence a name ;
While they are forc'd to pick the lock
Of other bards, and pilfer fame.

Oft when I read your joyous lines,
So full of pleasant jests and wit,
So blyth and gay the humour shines,
It gives me many a merry fit.

Then when I hear of *Maggy's* charms,
And *Roger* tholing fair disdain,
The bonny lass my bosom warms,
And mickle I bemoan the swain.

For who can hear the lad complain,
And not participate and feel
His artless undissembled pain,
Unless he has a heart of steel.

But

xiv *To Mr. Ramsay on his Poems.*

But *Pattie's* wiles and cunning arts
Appease th' imaginary grief,
Declare him well a clown of parts,
And bring the wretched wight relief.

More might be said; but in a friend
Encomiums seem but dull and flat,
The wise approve, but fools commend,
A *Pope's* authority for that.

Else *certes* 'twere in me unmeet,
To grudge the muse's utmost force,
Or spare in such a cause my feet,
To clinch at least in praise of your's.

• JA. ARBUCKLE.



The

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T H E
Morning Interview.

*Such killing Looks, so thick the Arrows fly,
That 'tis unsafe to be a Stander-by:
Poets approaching to describe the Fight,
Are by their Wounds instructed how to write.*

WALLER, 130.



HEN silent show'rs refresh the pregnant
soil,
And tender fallats eat with *Tuscan* oil,
Harmonious musick gladdens ev'ry
grove,
While bleating lambkins from their
parents rove,

And o'er the plain the anxious mothers stray, 5
Calling their tender care with hoarser bae.
Now chearful *Zephyr* from the western skies
With easy flight o'er painted meadows flies,
To kiss his *Flora* with a gentle air,
Who yields to his embrace, and looks more fair. 10

When from debauch with sp'rituous juice op-
prest,

The sons of *Bacchus* stagger home to rest,
With tatted wigs, foul shoes, and uncock'd hats,
And all bedaub'd with snuff their loose cravats.

VOL. I.

B

The

2 THE MORNING INTERVIEW

The sun began to sip the morning dew,
As *Damon* from his restless pillow flew.

Him late from *Celia*'s cheek a patch did wound,
A patch high seated on the blushing round.
His painful thoughts all night forbid him rest,
And he employ'd that night as one oppress'd ; 20
Musing revenge, and how to countermine
The strongest force, and ev'ry deep design
Of patches, fans, of necklaces and rings,
Ev'n musick's pow'r, when *Celia* plays or sings.

Fatigu'd with running errands all the day, 25
Happy in want of thought his valet lay,
Recruiting strength with sleep.—His master calls,
He starts with lock'd-up eyes, and beats the walls.
A second thunder rouses up the sot,
He yawns and murmurs curses thro' his throat : 30
Stockings awry, and breeches-knees unlac'd,
And buttons do mistake their holes for haste.
His master raves,—cries, *Roger*, make dispatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and look'd his watch.
Haste, do my wig, ty't with the careless knots, 35
And run to *Civet*'s, let him fill my box.
Go to my laundress, see what makes her stay,
And call a coach and barber in your way.

Thus orders juggle orders in a throng :
Roger with laden mem'ry trots along. 40
His errands done ; with brushes next he must
Renew his toil amidst perfuming dust ;
The yielding comb he leads with artful care,
Through crook'd meanders of the flaxen hair :
E'er this perform'd he's almost choak'd to death, 45
The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath.

The MORNING INTERVIEW. 3

The trav'ler thus in the *Numidian* plains,
A conflict with the driving sands sustains.

Two hours are past, and *Damon* is equipt,
Pensive he stalks, and meditates the fight : 50
Arm'd *cap-a-pee*, in dress a killing beau,
Thrice view'd his glass, and thrice resolv'd to go, }
Flush'd full of hope to overcome his foe.
His early pray'rs were all to *Paphos* sent,
That *Jove's* sea-daughter wou'd give her consent: 55
Cry'd, *Send thy little son unto my aid.*
Then took his hat, tript out, and no more said.

What lofty thoughts do sometimes push a man
Beyond the verge of his own native span !
Keep low thy thoughts, frail clay, nor boast thy }
pow'r ; 60
Fate will be fate : And since there's nothing sure,
Vex not thyself too much, but catch th' auspi-
cious hour.

The tow'ring lark had thrice his mattins sung,
And thrice were bells for pious service rung.
In plaids wrap'd up, prudes throng the sacred dome,
And leave the spacious petticoat at home : 66
While softest dreams seal'd up fair *Celia's* eyes,
She dreams of *Damon*, and forgets to rise.
A sportive *Sylph* contrives the subtle snare.
Sylphs know the charming baits which catch the fair ;
She shews him handsome, brawny, rich and young,
With snuff-box, cane, and sword-knot finely hung,
Well skill'd in airs of dangle, tofs and rap,
Those graces which the tender hearts entrap.

Where *Aulus* oft makes law for justice pass, 75
And *CHARLES's* statue stands in lasting brass,

The MORNING INTERVIEW.

Amidst a lofty square which strikes the sight,
 With spacious fabricks of stupendous height;
 Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high,
 They seem the watch-tow'rs of the nether sky; 80
 Where once alas! where once the three estates
 Of *Scotland's* parliament held free debates:
 Here *Celia* dwelt, and here did *Damon* move,
 Pres'd by his rigid fate, and raging love.

To her apartment straight the daring swain 85
 Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.
 The nymph new wak'd starts from the lazy down,
 And rolls her gentle limbs in morning-gown:
 But half awake, she judges it must be
Frankal a come to take her morning-tea; 90
 Cries, Welcome, cousin. But she soon began
 To change her visage when she saw a man:
 Her unfix'd eyes with various turnings range,
 And pale surprize to modest red exchange:
 Doubtful 'twixt modesty and love she stands, 95
 Then ask'd the bold impertinent's demands.
 Her strokes are doubled, and the youth now found
 His pains increase, and open ev'ry wound.
 Who can describe the charms of loose attire?
 Who can resist the flames with which they fire? 100
 Ah, barbarous maid! he cries, sure native charms
 Are too too much: Why then such store of arms?
 Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy pains,
 Caus'd by a wound from you, and want revenge;
 A borrow'd pow'r was posted on a charm: 105
 A patch, damn'd patch! can patches work such harm?

He said; then threw a bomb, lay hid within
 Love's mortar-piece, the dimple of his chin:

The MORNING INTERVIEW. 5

It mis'd for once, she lifted up her head,
 And blush'd a smile, that almost struck him dead, 110
 Then cunningly retir'd, but he pursu'd
 Near to the toilet, where the war renew'd
 Thus the great *Fabius* often gain'd the day
 O'er *Hannibal*, by frequent giving way:
 So warlike *Bruce* and *Wallace* sometimes deign'd 115
 To seem defeat, yet certain conquest gain'd.

Thus was he led in midst of *Celia's* room,
 Speechless he stood, and waited for his doom:
 Words were but vain, he scarce could use his breath,
 As round he view'd the implements of death. 120
 Her dreadful arms in careless heaps were laid
 In gay disorder round her tumbled bed:
 He often to the soft retreat wou'd stare,
 Still wishing he might give the battle there.

Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did
 stray, 125

To where lac'd shoes and her silk stockings lay,
 And garters which are never seen by day.

His dazzl'd eyes almost deserted light;
 No man before had ever got the sight:

A lady's garters, earth! their very name, 130
 Tho' yet unseen, sets all the soul on flame.

The royal *Ned* knew well their mighty charms,
 Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the *English* arms.

Let barb'rous honours crown the sword and lance,
 Thou next their King does *British* knights advance,

O GARTER! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

O who can all these hidden turns relate,
 That do attend on a rash lover's fate!

132. The Royal Ned.) Edward III. King of England, who
 established the most honourable Order of the Garter.

6 The MORNING INTERVIEW.

In deep distress the youth turn'd up his eyes,
 As if to ask assistance from the skies. 140
 The petticoat was hanging on a pin,
 Which the unlucky swain star'd up within:
 His curious eyes too daringly did rove,
 Around this oval conic vault of love;
 Himself alone can tell the pain he found, 145
 While his wild sight survey'd forbidden ground.
 He view'd the ten-fold fence, and gave a groan;
 His trembling limbs bespoke his courage gone:
 Stupid and pale he stood, like statue dumb,
 The amber snuff dropp'd from his careless thumb.
 Be silent here, my Muse, and shun a plea 151
 May rise betwixt old *Bickerstaff* and me;
 For none may touch a petticoat but he. }

Damon thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying tone,
Assist, ye pow'rs of love, else I am gone. 155
 The ardent pray'r soon reach'd the *Cyprian* grove,
 Heard and accepted by the queen of love.
 Fate was propitious too, her son was by,
 Who 'midst his dread artillery did lie
 Of *Flanders* lace, and straps of curious dye. 160
 On *Indian* muslin shades the God did loll,
 His head reclin'd upon a tinsy roll.

The mother Goddess thus her son bespoke,
 'Thou must, my boy, assume the shape of *Shock*,
 'And leap to *Celia*'s lap; whence thou may slip 165
 'Thy paw up to her breast, and reach her lip:
 'Strike deep thy charms, thy pow'ful art display,
 'To make young *Damon* conqueror to-day.
 'Thou need not blush to change thy shape, since
 Jove
 'Try'd most of brutal forms to gain his love; 170
 'Who

The M O R N I N G I N T E R V I E W. 7

Who that he might his loud *Saturnia* gull,
For fair *Europa*'s sake inform'd a bull.

She spoke—not quicker does the lamp of day
Dart on the mountain tops a gilded ray,
Swifter than light'ning flies before the clap, 175
From *Cyprus* isle he reached *Celia*'s lap:
Now fawns, now wags his tail, and licks her arm;
She hugs him to her breast, nor dreads the harm.
So in *Ascanius*' shape, the God unseen
Of old deceiv'd the *Carthaginian* queen. 180

So now the subtle pow'r his time espies,
And threw two barbed darts in *Celia*'s eyes:
Many were broke before he cou'd succeed;
But that of gold flew whizzing through her head:
These were his last reserve.—When others fail, 185
Then the refulgent metal must prevail.
Pleasure produc'd by money now appears,
Coaches and six run rattling in her ears.
O liv'ry-men! attendants! household-plate!
Court-posts and visits! pompous air and state! 190
How can your splendor easy access find,
And gently captivate the fair one's mind?
Success attends, *Cupid* has play'd his part,
And sunk the pow'rful venom to her heart.
She cou'd no more, she's catched in the snare, 195
Sighing she fainted in her easy chair.
No more the sanguine streams in blushes glow,
But to support the heart all inward flow,
Leaving the cheek as cold and white as snow. }
Thus *Celia* fell, or rather thus did rise: 200
Thus *Damon* made, or else was made a prize;
For both were conquerors, and both did yield,
First she, now he, is master of the field.

8 *The Morning Interview.*

Now he resumes fresh life, abandons fear,
 Jumps to his limbs, and does more gay appear. 205
 Not gaming heir when his rich parent dies,
 Not zealot reading *Hackney's* party-lies,
 Not soft fifteen on her feet-washing night,
 Not poet when his muse sublimes her flight,
 Not an old maid for some young beauty's fall, 210
 Not the long tender *Stibler* at his call,
 Not husbandman in drought when rain descends,
 Not miss when *Limberham* his purse extends,
 E'er knew such raptures as this joyful swain,
 When yielding, dying *Celia* calm'd his pain. 215
 The rapid joys now in such torrents roul,
 That scarce his organs can retain his soul.

Victor, he's gen'rous, courts the fair's esteem,
 And takes a basin fill'd with limpid stream,
 Then from his fingers form'd an artful rain, 220
 Which rouz'd the dormant spirits of her brain,
 And made the purple channels flow again. }
 She lives, he sings; she smiles, and looks more tame:
 Now peace and friendship is the only theme.

The muse owns freely here she does not know 225
 If language pass'd between the *Bell* and *Beau*,
 Or if in courtship such use words or no. }
 But, sure it is, there was a parley beat,
 And mutual love finish'd the proud debate.
 Then to complete the peace, and seal the bliss, 230
 He for a diamond ring receiv'd a kiss

211. *Stibler*.) A probationer.

213. *Limberham*.) A kind keeper.

227. Use Words.) It being alledged that the eloquence of
 this specie lies in the elegance of dress.

Of

The MORNING INTERVIEW. 9

Of her soft hand.—Next the aspiring youth,
 With eager transports press'd her glowing mouth.
 So by degrees the eagles teach their young
 To mount on high and stare upon the sun. 235

A sumptuous entertainment crowns the war,
 And all rich requisites are brought from far.
 The table boasts its being from *Japan*,
 Th' ingenious work of some great artisan.
China, where potters coarsest mould refine, 240
 That rays through the transparent vessels shine;
 The costly plates and dishes are from thence,
 And *Amazonia* must her sweets dispence;
 To her warm banks our vessels cut the main,
 For the sweet product of her luscious cane. 245
 Here *Scotia* does no costly tribute bring,
 Only some kettles full of *Todian* spring.

Where *Indus* and the double *Ganges* flow,
 On odorif'rous plains the leaves do grow,
 Chief of the treat, a plant the boast of fame, 250
 Sometimes call'd *Green*, *Bohea*'s its greater name.

O happiest of herbs! Who would not be
 Pythagoriz'd into the form of thee,
 And with high transports act the part of *Tea*! }
 Kisses on thee the haughty *Belles* bestow, 255
 While in thy streams their coral lips do glow;
 Thy virtues and thy flavour they commend,
 While men, even *Beaux*, with parched lips attend.

243. *Amazonia*.) A famous river in South America, whence
 we have our sugar.

247. *Todian* spring.) Tod's well, which supplies the city
 with water.

E P I-

10 Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON.

EPILOGUE.

THE curtain's drawn : now gen'rous reader say,
 Have ye not read worse numbers in a play? 260
 Sure here is plot, place, character and time,
 All smoothly wrought in good firm British rhyme.
 I own 'tis but a sample of my lays,
 Which asks the civil sanction of your praise.
 Bestow't with freedom, let your praise be ample, 265
 And I myself will show you good example.
 Keep up your face, altho' dull Criticks squint,
 And cry, with empty nod, There's nothing in't :
 They only mean there's nothing they can use ;
 Because they find most where there's most refuse. 270

Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON, who
 died anno 1711.

AULD Reeky, mourn in sable hue,
 Let fouth of tears dreep like May dew,
 To braw tippony bid adieu,
 Which we with greed
 Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,
 But ah ! she's dead. ~6

Maggy Johnston lived about a mile southward of Edinburgh, kept a little farm, and had a particular art of brewing a small sort of ale agreeable to the taste, very white, clear, and intoxicating, which made people, who loved to have a good pennyworth for their money, be her frequent customers. And many others of every station, sometimes for diversion, thought it no affront to be seen in her barn or yard.

1. Auld Reeky) A name the country people give Edinburgh from the cloud of smoak or reek that is always impending over it.
3. To braw tippony.) She sold the Scots pint, which is near two quarts English, for two-pence.

Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON. II

To tell the truth now *Maggy* dang,
 Of customers she had a bang;
 For lairds and fouters a' did gang
 To drink bedeen,
 The barn and yard was aft sae thrang,
 We took the green. 12

And there by dizens we lay down,
 Syne sweetly ca'd the healths arown,
 To bonny lassies black or brown,
 As we loo'd best;
 In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
 And took our rest. 18

When in our poutch we fand some clinks,
 And took a turn o'er *Bruntsfield-Links*,
 Aften in *Maggy's* at *Hy-jinks*,
 We guzl'd Scuds,
 Till we cou'd scarce wi hale out drinks
 Cast aff our duds. 24
 We

7. *Maggy* dang.) He dings, or dang, is a phrase which means to excel or get the better.

20. *Bruntsfield-Links*.) Fields between Edinburgh and *Maggy's*, where the citizens commonly play at the Gowff.

21. *Hy-jinks*.) A drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich; thus, the queff or cup is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and after crying *Hy-jinks*, he throws them out: the number he casts up points out the person must drink, he who threw, beginning at himself number one, and so round till the number of the person agree with that of the dice, (which may fall upon himself if the number be within twelve;) then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them: he on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small forfeiture in money; then throws, and so on: but if he forgets to cry *Hy-jinks*, he pays a forfeiture into the bank. Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any thing in bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks. Then with a great deal of caution he empties his cup, sweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws;
 for

12 Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON.

We drang and drew, and fill'd again,
 O wow but we were blyth and fain!
 When ony had their count mistain,
 O it was nice,
 To hear us a' cry, pike ye'r bain
 And spell ye'r dice.

30

Fou closs we us'd to drink and rant,
 Until we did baith glowr and gaunt,
 And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt,
 Right swoosh I true;
 Then of auld stories we did cant
 When we were fou.

36

When we were weary'd at the gowff,
 Then *Maggy Johnston's* was our howff;
 Now a' our gamesters may sit dowff,
 Wi' hearts like lead,
 Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff,
 And sae she died.

42

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine?
 For which we will right fair repine;
 Or hast thou left to bairns of thine
 The pauky knack
 Of brewing ale amais't like wine?
 That gar'd us crack.

48

for if he err in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are, (1) Drink, (2) Draw, (3) Fill, (4) Cry Hy-jinks, (5) Count just, (6) Chuse your doublet, man, viz. when two equal numbers of the dice is thrown, the person whom you chuse must pay a donble of the common forfeiture, and so must you when the dice is in his hand. A rare project this, and no bubble I can assure you; for a covetous fellow may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire in less than an hour's time.

29. Pike ye'r Bain.) Is a cant phrase, when one leaves a little in the cup, he is advised to pike his bone, i. e. drink it clean out.

41. Rax'd her a yowff.) Reach'd her a blow.

Sae

Elegy on MAGGY JOHNSTON. 13

Sae brawly did a pease-scon toast
 Biz i' the queff, and flie the frost;
 There we gat fou wi' little cost,
 And muckle speed,
 Now wae worth death, our sport's a' lost,
 Since Maggy's dead. 54

Ae simmer night I was sae fou,
 Among the riggs I geed to spew;
 Syne down on a green baw, I trow
 I took a nap,
 And foucht a' night balillilow,
 As sound's a tap. 60

And whan the dawn begoud to glow,
 I hirsl'd up my dizzy pow,
 Frae 'mang the corn like wirricow,
 Wi' bains sae fair,
 And ken'd nae mair than if a ew
 How I came there. 66

Some said it was the pith of broom
 That she stow'd in her masking-loom,
 Which in our heads rais'd sic a foom,
 Of some wild seed,
 Which aft the chaping stoup did toom,
 But fill'd our head. 72

But now since 'tis sae that we must
 Not in the best ale put our trust,

50. Flie the frost.) Or fright the frost or coldness out of it.

55. Ae simmer night, &c.) the two following stanzas are a true narrative.

On that slid place where I 'maist brake my bains,
 To be a warning I set up twa stains,
 That nane may venture there as I have done,
 Unless wi' frosted nails he clink'd his shoon.

14 Elegy on JOHN COWPER

But whan we're auld return to dust,
Without remead,
Why shou'd we take it in disgust
That *Maggy's* dead. 78

Of warldly comforts she was rife,
And liv'd a lang and hearty life,
Right free of care, or toil, or strife,
'Till she was stale,
And ken'd to be a kanny wife
At brewing ale. 84

Then farewell, *Maggy*, douce and fell,
Of Brewers a' thou boor the bell;
Let a' thy gossies yelp and yell,
And without feed,
Guess whether ye're in heaven or hell,
They're sure ye're dead. 90

E P I T A P H.

O Rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.

Elegy on JOHN COWPER, *Kirk-Treasurer's Man*, anno 1714.

I Wairn ye a' to greet and drone,
John Cowper's dead, Ohon! Ohon!
To fill his post, alake there's none,
That with sic speed

'Tis necessary for the illustration of this Elegy to strangers, to let them a little into the history of the Kirk-Treasurer and his man: the treasurer is chosen every year, a citizen respected for riches and honesty; he is vested with an absolute power to seize and imprison the girls that are too impatient to have on their green gown before it be hem'd; them he strictly examines, but

Elegy on JOHN COWPER. 15

Cow'd sa'r sculdudry out like *John*,
But now he's dead. 6

78 He was right nacky in his way,
And eydent baith be night and day,
He wi' the lads his part cou'd play,
When right fair fleed,
He gart them good bill-filler play,
But now he's dead. 12

84 Of whore-hunting he gat his fill,
And made be'r mony pint and gill:
Of his braw post he thought nae ill,
Nor did nae need,
Now they may mak a kirk and mill
O't, since he's dead. 18

90 Altho' he was nae man of weir,
Yet mony a ane, wi quaking fear,

but no liberty to be granted till a fair account be given of these persons they have obliged. It must be so: a list is frequently given sometimes of a dozen or thereby of married or unmarried unfair traders whom they secretly assisted in running their goods; these his lordship makes pay to some purpose according to their ability, for the use of the poor: if the lads be obstreperous, the Kirk-Sessions, and worst of all, the stool of repentance is threatned; a punishment which few of any spirit can bear.

The treasurer being changed every year, never comes to be perfectly acquainted with the affair; but their general servant continuing for a long time, is more expert at discovering such persons, and the places of their resort, which makes him capable to do himself and customers both a good or ill turn. John Cowper maintain'd this post with activity and good success for several years.

5. Sa'r sculdudry.) In allusion to a scent-dog, Sa'r from Saviour or Smell, Sculdudry a name commonly given to Whoring.

11. Bill-filler.) Bull-silver.

She saw the Cow well serv'd, and took a Groat. GAY.

Duff

16 Elegy on JOHN COWPER.

Durst scarce afore his face appear,
But hide their head;
The wylie carle he gather'd gear,
And yet he's dead. 24

Ay now to some part far awa,
Alas he's gane and left it a'!
May be to some sad whilliwha
O' fremit blood,
'Tis an ill wind that dis na blaw
Some body good. 30

Fy upon death, he was to blame
To whirle poor *John* to his lang hame:
But tho' his arse be cauld, yet fame,
Wi' tout of trumpet,
Shall tell how *Cowper's* awfou name
Cou'd flie a strumpet. 36

He ken'd the bawds and louns fou well,
And where they us'd to rant and reel,
He paukily on them cou'd steal,
And spoil their sport;
Aft they did with the muckle de'el
Might tak him for't. 42

But ne'er a ane of them he spar'd,
E'en tho' there was a drunken laird
To draw his sword, and make a faird
In their defence,
John quietly put them in the guard
To learn mair sense. 48

There maun they ly till sober grown,
The lad neist day his fault maun own;

27. Whilliwha of fremit blood.) Whilliwha is a kind of an insinuating deceitful fellow; Fremit blood, not a-kin, because he had then no legitimate heirs of his own body.

45. Make a faird.) A buffle like a bully.

And

Elegy on JOHN COWPER. 17

And to keep a' things hush and low'n,
 He minds the poor,
 Syne after a' his ready's flown,
 He damns the whore. 54

And she, poor jade, withoutten din,
 Is sent to *Leith*-wynd-fit to spin,
 With heavy heart and cleathing thin,
 And hungry wame,
 And ilky month a well paid skin,
 To make her tame. 60

But now they may scoure up and down,
 And safely gang their wakes arown,
 Spreading their claps throw a' the town,
 But fear or dread ;
 For that great kow to bawd and lown,
John Cowper's dead. 66

Shame faw ye'r chandler chafts, O death,
 For stapping of *John Cowper's* breath ;
 The los of him is publick skaith :
 I dare well say,
 To quat the grip he was right laith
 This mony a day. 72

P O S T S C R I P T.

O F umquhile *John* to lie or bann,
 Shaws but ill will, and looks right shan,
 But some tell odd tales of the man,
 For fifty head

52. He minds the poor.) Pays hush-money to the treasurer.

56. *Leith*-wynd-fit.) The house of correction at the foot of *Leith*-wynd, such as *Bridewell* in London.

67. Chandler chafts.) Lean or meager cheeked, when the bones appear like the sides or corners of a candlestick, which in Scots we call a Chandler.

VOL. I.

C

Can

And

18 Elegy on LUCKY WOOD.

Can gi'e their aith they've seen him gawn
Since he was dead.

78

Keek but up throw the *stinking stile*,
On *Sunday* morning a wee while,
At the kirk-door out frae an isle,
It will appear;
But tak good tent ye dinna file
Ye'r breeks for fear.

84

For well we wat it is his ghaist,
Wow, wad some fowk that can do't best
Speak till't, and hear what it confest;
'Tis a good deed
To send a wand'ring faul to rest
Amang the dead.

90

Elegy on LUCKY WOOD in the Canon- gate, May 1717.

O Cannigate! poor elritch hole,
What los, what crosses does thou thole!
London and death gars thee look drole,
And hing thy head;

Wow,

77. Seen him gawn.) The common people when they tell their tales of ghosts appearing, they say, he has been seen gawn or stalking.

79. Stinking stile.) Opposite to this place is the door of the church which he attends, being a beadle.

86. Wow, wad some fowk that can do't best.) 'Tis another vulgar notion, that a ghost will not be laid to rest, till some priest speak to it, and get account what disturbs it.

Lucky Wood kept an ale-house in the Canongate, was much respected for hospitality, honesty, and the neatness both of her person and house.

3. London and death.) The place of her residence being the greatest sufferer, by the loss of our members of parliament, which

Elegy on LUCKY WOOD. 19

Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld coal
To blaw indeed. 6

Hear me ye hills, and every glen,
Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, and hollow den,
And echo shrill, that a' may ken
The waefou thud
Be rackless death, wha came unsenn
To *Lucky Wood*. 12

She's dead o'er true, she's dead and gane,
Left us and *Willie* burd alane,
To bleer and greet, to sob and mane,
And rugg our hair,
Because we'll ne'er see her again
For evermair. 18

She gae'd as fait as a new prin,
And kept her housie snod and been;
Her peuther glanc'd upo' your een
Like filler plate;
She was a donsie wife and clean,
Without debate. 24

It did ane good to see her stools,
Her board, fire-side, and facing tools;
Rax, chandlers, tangs, and fire-shools,
Basket wi' bread.

which London now enjoys, many of them having their houses
there, being the suburb of Edinburgh nearest the king's pa-
lace; this with the death of Lucky Wood, are sufficient to
make the place ruinous.

11. Came unsenn,) or unsent for; there's nothing extraor-
inary in this, it being his common custom, except in some few
instances of late since the falling of the bubbles.

14. Willie.) Her husband William Wood.

26. Facing tools.) Stoups (or pots) and cups, so call'd from
the Facers. See l. 29.

20 Elegy on LUCKY WOOD.

Poor facers now may chew pea-hools,
Since *Lucky's* dead.

30

She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,
Nor stoups a froath aboon the hause,
Nor kept dow'd tip within her waws,
But reaming swats;
She never ran sour jute, because
It gee's the batts.

36

She had the gate sae well to please,
With *gratis* beef, dry fish, or cheese;
Which kept our purles ay at ease,
And health in tist,
And lent her fresh nine gallon trees
A hearty lift.

42

She ga'e us aft hail legs o' lamb,
And did nae hain her mutton ham;
Than ay at *Yule*, when e'er we came,
A bra' goose pye,
And was na that good belly baum?
Nane dare deny.

48

The writer lads so well may mind her,
Furthy was she, her luck design'd her
Their common mither, sure nane kinder
Ever brake bread;
She has na left her make behind her,
But now she's dead.

54

29. Poor facers.) The facers were a club of fair drinkers who inclined rather to spend a shilling on ale than two-pence for meat; they had their name from a rule they observed of obliging themselves to throw all they left in the cup in their own faces: wherefore to save their face and cloaths, they presently suck'd the liquor clean out.

31. She ne'er gae in, &c.) All this verse is a fine picture of an honest ale-feller; a Rarity.

T

Elegy on LUCKY WOOD. 21

To the sma' hours we aft sat still,
 Nick'd round our toasts and snishing mill;
 Good cakes we wanted ne'er at will,
 The best of bread,
 Which aften cost us mony a gill
 To Aikenhead. 60

Cou'd our faut tears like Clyde down rin,
 And had we cheeks like Corra's lin,
 Thet a' the warld might hear the din
 Rair frae ilk head;
 She was the wale of a' her kin,
 But now she's dead. 66

O Lucky Wood, 'tis hard to bear
 The loss; but oh! we maun forbear:
 Yet fall thy memory be dear
 While blooms a tree,
 And after ages bairns will spear
 'Bout thee and me. 72

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this sod
 Lies Lucky Wood,
 Whom a' men might put faith in;
 Wha was na fower,
 While she winn'd here,
 To cramm our wames for naithing.

60. To Aikenhead.) The Nether-bow porter, to whom
 Lucky's customers were often obliged for opening the port for
 them, when they staid out 'till the small hours after midnight.

62. Like Corra's lin.) A very high precipice nigh Lanerk,
 over which the river of Clyde falls, making a great noise,
 which is heard some miles off.

LUCKY SPENCE'S *last Advice.*

THREE times the carline grain'd and risted,
Then frae the cod her po'w she listid,
In bawdy policy well gisted,
When she now faun,
That death nae langer wad be shified,
She thus began:

MY loving lassies, I maun leave ye,
But dinna wi' ye'r greeting grieve me,
Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,
But bring's a gill ;
For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,
'Tis 'gainst my will.

O black-ey'd *Bess* and mim-mou'd *Meg*,
O'er good to work or yet to beg!
Lay funkots up for a fair leg,
For whan ye fail,
Ye'r face will not be worth a feg,
Nor yet ye'r tail.

When e'er ye meet a fool that's fow,
That ye're a maiden gar him trow,
Seem nice, but stic to him like glew ;
And whan fet down,

Lucky Spence, a famous bawd who flourished for several years about the beginning of the eighteenth century; she had her lodgings near Holyrood-house; she made many a benefit-night to herself, by putting a trade in the hands of young lasses that had a little pertness, strong passions, abundance of laziness, and no fore-thought.

13. *Mim-mou'd.*) Expresses an affected modesty, by a preciseness about the mouth.

Drive

LUCKY SPENCE's *last Advice.* 23

Drive at the Jango till he spew,
Syn he'll sleep soun. 24

Whan he's asleep, then dive and catch
His ready cash, his rings or watch ;
And gin he likes to light his match
At your spunk-box,
Ne'er stand to let the fumbling wretch
E'en take the pox. 30

Cleek a' ye can be hook or crook,
Ryp ilky poutch frae nook to nook ;
Be sure to truff his pocket book,
Saxty pounds *Scots*
Is nae deaf nits : in little bouk
Lie great bank-notes. 36

To get a mends of whindging fools,
That's frightened for repenting-stools,
Wha often, whan their metal cools,
Turn sweer to pay,
Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools
Anither day. 42

But dawt red coats, and let them scoup,
Free for the fou of cutty stoup ;

27. Light his match, &c) I could give a large annotation on this sentence, but do not incline to explain every thing, lest I disoblige future criticks, by leaving nothing for them to do.

35. Is nae deaf nits,) or empty nuts ; this is a negative manner of saying a thing is substantial.

37. To get a mends.) To be revenged ; of whindging fools, fellows who wear the wrong side of their faces outmoost, pretenders to sanctity, who love to be smuggling in a corner.

40. Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools.) Delate them to the kirk-treasurer. Hale the dools, is a phrase used at foot-ball, where the party that gains the goal or dool, is said to hail it or win the game, and so draws the stake.

44. Cutty stoup,) Little pot, i. e. a gill of brandy.

24 LUCKY SPENCE's last Advice.

To gee them up, ye need na hope
 E'er to do well :
 They'll rive ye'r brats and kick your doup,
 And play the deel.

48

There's ae fair cross attends the craft,
 That curst correction-house, where aft
 Vild hangy's taz ye'r riggings fast
 Makes black and blae,
 Enough to pit a body daft;
 But what'll ye say.

54

Nane gathers gear withoutten care,
 Ilk pleasure has of pain a skare;
 Suppose then they should tirlie ye bare,
 And gar ye fike,
 E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair~
 Ye're nibour like.

60

Forby, my looves, count upo' losses,
 Ye'er milk-white teeth and cheeks like roses,
 Whan jet-black hair and brigs of noses
 Faw down wi' dads
 To keep your hearts up 'neath sic crosses,
 Set up for bawds.

66

Wi' well-crish'd loofs I hae been canty.
 Whan e'er the lads wad fain ha'e faun t'ye;
 To try the auld game *Taunty Raunty*.
 Like coosers keen,
 They took advice of me your aunty,
 If ye were clean.

72

51. Hangy's taz.) If they perform not the task assigned them, they are whipt by the hangman.

54. But what'll ye say.) The emphasis of this phrase, like many others, cannot be understood but by a native.

Then

LUCKY SPENCE's last Advice. 25

Then up I took my filler ca,
And whistl'd benn whiles ane, whiles twa ;
Roun'd in his lug, that there was a
Poor country *Kate*,
As halefome as the wall of *Sparw*,
But unka blate. 78

Sae whan e'er company came in,
And were upo' a merry pin,
I slide away wi' little din,
And muckle menfc,
Left conscience judge, it was a' ane
To *Lucky Spence*. 84

My Bennifon come on good doers,
Who spend their cash on bawds and whores ;
May they ne'er want the wale of cures
For a fair snout :
Foul fa' the quacks wha that fire smoor, s,
And puts nae out. 90

My malifon light ilka day
On them that drink, and dinna pay,
But tak a snack and rin away ;
May't be their hap
Never to want a *Gonorrhœa*,
Or rotten clap. 96

74. And whistled benn.) But and Benn signify different ends
or rooms of a house ; to hang But and Benn, is to go from one
end of the house to the other.

75. Roun'd in his lug.) Whisper'd in his ear.

83. Left conscience judge.) It was her usual way of vindicating
herself to tell ye, When company came to her house,
cou'd she be so uncivil as to turn them out ? If they did any
bad thing, said she, between GOD and their conscience be't.

88. Fire smoor.) Such quacks as bind up the external symp-
toms of the pox, and drive it inward to the strong holds,
whence it is not so easily expelled.

Lafs

26 TARTANA, *or the* PLAID.

Lafs gi'e us in anither gill,
A mutchken, Jo, let's tak our fill;
Let death syne registrate his bill
Whan I want sence,
P'll slip away with better will,
Quo' *Lucky Spence.*

102

TARTANA, *or the* PLAID.

YE *Caledonian* beauties, who have long
 Been both the muse, and subject of my song,
 Assist your bard, who in harmonious lays
 Designs the glory of your Plaid to raise :
 How my fond breast with blazing ardour glows, 5
 When e'er my song on you just praise bestows.

Phæbus, and his imaginary nine,
With me have lost the title of divine;
To no such shadows will I homage pay,
These to my real muses shall give way: 10
My muses, who on smooth meand'ring *Tweed*,
Stray through the groves, or grace the clover mead;
Or these who bathe themselves where haughty *Glyde*
Does roaring o'er his lofty cat'racts ride;
Or you who on the banks of gentle *Tay* 15
Drain from the flowers the early dews of *May*,
To varnish on your cheeks the crimson dy,
Or make the white the falling snow outvy:
And you who on *Edina's* streets display
Millions of matchless beauties every day; 20
Inspir'd by you, what poet can desire
To warm his genius at a brighter fire?

5

I

TARTANA, or the PLAID. 27

I sing the Plaid, and sing with all my skill,
Mount then, O fancy, standard to my will;
Be strong each thought, run soft each happy line, 25
That gratefulness and harmony may shine,
Adapted to the beautiful design. }
Great is the subject, vast th' exalted theme,
And shall stand fair in endless rolls of fame.

The Plaid's antiquity comes first in view, 30
Precedence to antiquity is due:
Antiquity contains a certain spell,
To make ev'n things of little worth excell;
To smallest subjects gives a glaring dash,
Protecting high-born idiots from the lash: 35
Much more 'tis valu'd, when with merit plac'd,
It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd.

O first of garbs! garment of happy fate!
So long employ'd, of such an antique date;
Look back some thousand years, till records fail, 40
And lose themselves in some romantic tale,
We'll find our godlike fathers nobly scorn'd
To be with any other dress adorn'd;
Before base foreign fashions interwove,
Which 'gainst their int'rest and their brav'ry strove.
'Twas they could boast their freedom with proud

Rome,

46

And arm'd in steel despise the senate's doom;
Whil'st o'er the globe their eagle they display'd,
And conquer'd nations prostrate homage paid,
They only, they unconquer'd stood their ground, 50
And to the mighty empire fixt the bound.
Our native prince who then supply'd the throne,
In Plaid array'd magnificently shone:
Nor seem'd his purple, or his ermine less,
Tho' cover'd by the *Caledonian* dress.

55

In

28 TARTANA, or the PLAID:

In this at court the thanes were gayly clad,
 With this the shepherds and the hinds were glad,
 In this the warrior wrapt his brawny arms,
 With this our beauteous mothers veil'd their charms;
 When ev'ry youth, and every lovely maid 60
 Deem'd it a *Deshabille* to want their Plaid.

O heav'ns! how chang'd? how little look their
 race?

When foreign chains with foreign modes take place;
 When *Eas'* and *Western-Indies* must combine
 To deck the fop, and make the gewgaw shine. 65
 Thus while the *Grecian* troops in *Persia* lay,
 And learn'd the habit to be soft and gay,
 By luxury enerv'd, they lost the day. }

I ask'd *Varell*, what soldiers he thought best?
 And thus he answer'd to my plain request; 70
 ' Were I to lead battalions out to war,
 ' And hop'd to triumph in the victor's car,
 ' To gain the loud applause of worthy fame,
 ' And columns rais'd to eternize my name,
 ' I'd choose had I my choice, that hardy race 75
 ' Who fearless can look terrors in the face;
 ' Who 'midst the snows the belt of limbs can fold
 ' In Tartan Plaids, and smile at chilling cold:
 ' No useless trash should pain my soldier's back.
 ' Nor canvas-tents make loaden axles crack: 80
 ' No rattling silks I'd to my standards bind.
 ' But bright Tartana's waving in the wind:
 ' The Plaid alone should all my ensigns be,
 ' This army from such banners would not flie.
 ' These, these were they, who naked taught the way
 ' To fight with art, and boldly gain the day.' 86
 Ev'n great *Gustavus* stood himself amaz'd,
 While at their wond'rous skill and force he gaz'd.

With

TARTANA, or the PLAID. 29

With such brave troops one might o'er *Europe* run,
Make out what *Richlieu* fram'd, and *Lewis* had begun.

Degenerate Men! now ladies please to sit,
That I the Plaid in all its airs may hit,
With all the powers of softness mixt with wit.

While scorching *Titan* tawns the shepherd's brow,
And whistling hinds sweat lagging at the plow: 95
The piercing beams *Brucina* can defy,
Not sun-burnt she's, nor dazzl'd is her eye.
Ugly's the mask, the fan's a trifling toy
To still at church some girl or restless boy.
Fix'd to one spot's the pine and myrtle shades. 100
But on each motion wait th' umbrellian Plaids,
Repelling dust when winds disturb the air,
And give a check to every ill-bread stare.

Light as the pinions of the airy fry,
Of larks and linnets who traverse the sky, 105
Is the *Tartana*, spun so very fine,
Its weight can never make the fair repine,
By raising ferments in her glowing blood,
Which cannot be escap'd within the hood:
Nor does it move beyond its proper sphere, 110
But lets the gown in all its shape appear;
Nor is the straightness of her waist deny'd
To be by every ravish'd eye survey'd.
For this the hoop may stand at largest bend,
It comes not nigh, nor can its weight offend. 115

The *Hood* and *Mantie* make the tender faint;
I'm pain'd to see them moving like a tent.
By heather *Jenny* in her blanket dress,
The *Hood* and *Mantle* fully are exprest;

Which

30 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

Which round her neck with rags is firmly bound,
While heather besoms loud the screams around. 121
Was goody *Strode* so great a pattern, say?
Are ye to follow when such lead the way?
But know each fair who shall this *Sur tout* use,
You're no more *Scots*, and cease to be my muse.

The smoothest labours of the *Persian* loom
Lin'd in the Plaid, set off the beauty's bloom;
Faint is the gloss, nor come the colours nigh,
Tho' white as milk, or dipt in scarlet-dy.
The lilly pluckt by fair *Pringella* grieves, 130
Whose whiter hand outshines its snowy leaves:
No wonder then white silks in our esteem,
Match'd with her fairer face, they sully'd seem.

If shining red *Campbella's* cheeks adorn,
Our fancies straight conceive the blushing morn;
Beneath whose dawn the sun of beauty lies,
Nor need we light but from *Cambella's* eyes.

If lin'd with green *Stuarta's* Plaid we view,
Or thine *Ramseia* edg'd around with blue;
One shews the spring when nature is most kind, 140
The other heav'n, whose spangles lift the mind.

A garden-plot enrich'd with chosen flowers,
In sun-beams basking after vernal showers,
Where lovely pinks in sweet confusion rise,
And amaranths and eglintines surprise;
Hedg'd round with fragrant brier and jessamine,
The rosie thorn and variegated green;
These give not half that pleasure to the view,
As when, *Fergusia*, mortals gaze on you:

You

TARTANA, or the PLAID. 31

You raise our wonder, and our love engage, 150
 Which makes us curse, and yet admire the hedge;
 The silk and tartan hedge, which doth conspire
 With you to kindle love's soft spreading fire.
 How many charms can every fair one boast!
 How oft's our fancy in the plenty lost! 155 }
 These more remote, these we admire the most.
 What's too familiar often we despise,
 But rarity makes still the value rise.

If *So!* himself shou'd shine through all the day,
 We cloy, and lose the pleasure of his ray: 160
 But if behind some marly cloud he steal,
 Nor for sometime his radiant head reveal,
 With brighter charms his absence he repays,
 And every sun-beam seems a double blaze.
 So when the fair their dazzling lustres shroud, 165
 And disappoint us with a tartan cloud,
 How fondly do we peep with wishful eye,
 Transported when one lovely charm we spy?
 Oft to our cost, ah me! we often find
 The power of love strikes deep, tho' he be blind;
 Perch'd on a lip, a cheek, a chin, or smile,
 Hits with surprize, and throws young hearts in jail.

From when the cock proclaims the rising day,
 And milk-maids sing around sweet curds and whey;
 Till grey-ey'd twilight, harbinger of night, 175
 Pursues o'er silver mountains sinking light,
 I can unwearied from my casements view
 The Plaid, with something still about it new.
 How are we pleas'd, when with a handsome air
 We see *Hepburna* walk with easy care? 180

176. Silver mountains.) Ochel hills.

One

The wainscot forty-six's are perplext
 To be eclips'd, spite makes them drop the text.
 The younger gaze at each fine thing they see ;
 The orator himself is scarcely free. 215
 Ye then who wou'd your piety express,
 To sacred domes ne'er come in naked drefs.
 The power of modesty shall still prevail ;
 Then *Scotian* virgins use your native vail.

Thus far young *Cosmel* read ; then star'd and curst,
 And askt me very gravely how I durst 221
 Advance such praises for a thing despis'd ?
 He smiling, swore I had been ill advis'd.

To you, said I, perhaps this may seem true,
 And numbers vast, nor fools may side with you: 225
 As many shall my sentiments approve ;
 Tell me what's not the butt of scorn and love ?
 Were mankind all agreed to think one way,
 What wou'd divines and poets have to say ?
 No ensigns wou'd on martial fields be spread, 230
 And *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read :
 We'd need no councils, parliaments, nor kings,
 Ev'n wit and learning wou'd turn silly things.
 You miss my meaning still, I'm much afraid,
 I wou'd not have them always wear the Plaid. 235

Old *Salem's* royal sage, of wits the prime,
 Said, *For each Thing there was a proper Time.*
 Night's but *Aurora's* Plaid, that ta'en away,
 We lose the pleasure of returning day ;
 Ev'n through the gloom, when view'd in sparkling
 skies, 240
 Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratify our eyes :
 So through *Hamilla's* op'ned Plaid, we may
 Behold her heavenly face, and heaving milky way.
 VOL. I. D *Spanish*

34 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

Spanish reserve, join'd with a *Gallic* air, 245
If manag'd well, becomes the *Scotian* fair.

Now you say well, said he; but when's the time
That they may drop the Plaid without a crime?

Then I,
Left, O fair nymphs, ye shou'd our patience tire,
And starch reserve extinguish gen'rous fire;
Since heaven your soft victorious charms design'd
To form a smoothness on the rougher mind: 251
When from the bold and noble toils of war,
The rural cares, or labours of the bar;
From these hard studies which are learn'd and grave,
And some from dang'rous riding o'er the wave; 255
The *Caledonian* manly youth resort
To their *Edina*, love's great mart and port,
And crowd her theatres with all that grace
Which is peculiar to the *Scotian* race;
At concert, ball, or some fair's marriage-day, 260
O then with freedom all that's sweet display.
When beauty's to be judg'd without a veil,
And not its Powers met out as by retail,
But wholesale, all at once, to fill the mind
With sentiments gay, soft, and frankly kind; 265
Throw by the Plaid, and like the lamp of day,
When there's no cloud to intercept his ray,
So shine *Maxel a*, nor their censure fear,
Who, slaves to vapours, dare not so appear.

On *Ida*'s height, when to the royal swain, 270
To know who should the prize of beauty gain,
Jove sent his two fair daughters and his wife,
That he might be the judge to end the strife:

Hermes

TARTANA, or the PLAID. 35

Hermes was guide, they found him by a tree,
 And thus they spake with air divinely free, 275 }
 Say, *Paris*, which is fairest of us three.
 To *Jove's* high queen, and the celestial maids,
 Ere he wou'd pass his sentence, cry'd, *No Plaids*.
 Quickly the goddesses obey'd his call,
 In simple nature's dress he view'd them all, 280 }
 Then to *Cyth'ra* gave the golden ball.

Great criticks hail! our dread, whose love or
 hate,
 Can with a frown, or smile, give verse its fate;
 Attend, while o'er this field my fancy roams,
 I've somewhat more to say, and here it comes. 285

When virtue was a crime, in *Tancred's* reign,
 There was a noble youth who wou'd not deign
 To own for sovereign one a slave to vice,
 Or blot his conscience at the highest price;
 For which his death's devis'd with hellish art, 290
 To tear from his warm breast his beating heart.
 Fame told the tragick news to all the fair,
 Whose num'rous sighs and groans bound through
 the air:

All mourn his fate, tears trickle from each eye,
 'Till his kind sister threw the woman by; 295
 She in his stead a gen'rous off'ring staid,
 And he, the tyrant baulk'd, hid in her Plaid.
 So when *Aeneas* with *Achilles* strove,
 The goddess's mother halted from above,
 Well seen in fate, prompt by maternal love, 300 }
 Wrapt him in mist, and warded off the blow
 That was design'd him by his valiant foe.

298. Homer.

36 TARTANA, or the PLAID.

I of the Plaid could tell a hundred tales ;
Then hear another, since that strain prevails.

The tale no records tell, it is so old, 305
It happen'd in the easy age of gold ;
When am'rous *Jove*, chief of th' *Olympian* gods,
Pall'd with *Saturnia*, came to our abodes,
A beauty-hunting ; for in these soft days,
Nor gods nor men delighted in a chace 310 }
That wou'd destroy, not propagate their race.
Beneath a fir-tree in *Glentanar's* groves,
Where, e'er gay fabricks rose, swains sung their loves,
Iris lay sleeping in the open air,
A bright *Tartana* vail'd the lovely fair ; 315
The wounded god beheld her matchless charms,
With earnest eyes, and grasp'd her in his arms.
Soon he made known to her, with gaining skill,
His dignity, and import of his will.
Speak thy desire, the divine monarch said ; 320 }
Make me a goddess, cry'd the *Scotian* maid,
Nor let hard fate bereave me of my Plaid.
Be thou the hand-maid to my mighty queen,
Said Jove, and to the world be often seen
With the celestial bow, and thus appear 325
Clad with these radiant colours as thy wear.

Now say, my muse, ere thou forsake the field,
What profit does the Plaid to *Scotia* yield ?
Justly that claims our love, esteem and boast,
Which is produc'd within our native coast. 330
On our own mountains grows the golden fleece,
Richer than that which *Ja'on* brought to *Greece* :

312. *Glentanar's* groves,) A large wood in the north of
Scotland.

TARTANA, or the PLAID. 37

A beneficial branch of *Albion's* trade,
And the first parent of the Tartan Plaid.
Our fair ingenious ladies hands prepare 335
The equal threads, and give the dyes with care :
Thousands of artists sullen hours decoy
On rattling looms, and view their webs with joy.

May she be curst to starve in *Frogland Fens*,
To wear a *Fala* ragg'd at both the ends, 340
Groan still beneath an *antiquated Suit*,
And die a maid at *fifty-five* to boot !
May she turn *quaggy Fat*, or *crooked Dwarf*,
Be *ridicul'd* while primm'd up in her *Scarf* ;
May *Spleen* and *Spite* still keep her on the *Fret*, 345
And live till she *outlive* her beauty's date ;
May all this fall, and more than I have said,
Upon that *Wench* who disregards the Plaid.

But with the sun let ev'ry joy arise,
And from soft slumbers lift her happy eyes ; 350
May blooming youth be fixt upon her face,
'Till she has seen her fourth descending race ;
Blest with a mate with whom she can agree,
And never want the finest of *Bobea* :
May ne'er the *Miser's* fears make her afraid, 355
Who joins with me, with me admires the Plaid.
Let bright *Tartana's* henceforth ever shine,
And *Caledonian* goddesses enshrine.

Fair judges, to your censure I submit,
If you allow this poem to have wit, 360
I'll look with scorn upon these musty fools,
Who o'ly move by old worm-eaten rules.

340. *Fala*.) A little square cloth wore by the Dutchwomen.

38 SCOTS SONGS.

But with th' ingenious if my labours take,
I wish them ten times better for their sake ;
Who shall esteem this vain, are in the wrong ;
I'll prove the moral is prodigious strong :
I hate to trifle, men should act like men,
And for their country only draw their sword and pen.

SCOTS SONGS.

The happy Lover's Reflections.

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me ;
Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me :
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chafly sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

16

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me ;

Yet

SCOTS SONGS. 39

Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses. 24

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the *Alps* shall cover,
On *Greenland* ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her. 32

The next time I go o'er the moor
She shall a lover find me,
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me:
Then *Hymen's* sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom. 40

The Lads of PEATIE'S Mill.

THE lads of *Peatie's* mill,
So bonny, blyth and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een. 8

D 4

Her

40 SCOTS SONGS.

Her arms white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it wou'd give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand.
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs. 16

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd ;
 I wish'd her for my bride. 24

O had I all that wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will ;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of *Peatie's* mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me. 32

DELIA. *To the Tune of, Green-sleeves.*

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
 Of my dear *Delia* take a care,

26. *Hopeton's* high mountains.) Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the right honourable the Earl of *Hopeton's* mines of gold and lead are.

And

SCOTS SONGS. 41

And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love and truth,
'Till I return, her passions sooth
For me, in whispers move her.

Be careful, no base fordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her for me she was design'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have more plenty in my mind,
Than one who's ten times richer.

16

Let all the world turn upside-down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms espy
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd-for pleasures when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

24

But, cast into a mold divine,
Fair *Delia* does with lustre shine,
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure.
Let poets in sublimest lays,
Employ their skill her fame to raise;
Let sons of musick pass whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

32

The

42 SCOTS SONGS.

The Yellow-hair'd LADDIE.

IN *April* when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
The Yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn-trees
grow. 4

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his loves, ev'ning and morn ;
He sang with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That *Silvans* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around. 8

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young *Maya* be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke
truth ;
But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddesses who sprung from the sea. 16

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequent'y sow'r :
Then sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet *Susie* his mistress might be. 20

N A N-

NANNY-O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagno*,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth
 Kifs and caress my *Nanny-O*.
 She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*,
 Than *Leda* did or *Danae-O*;
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 None else should fit but *Nanny-O*.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O,
 I guess what heav'n is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest *Britannio*,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me *Nanny-O*.

16

CHORUS.

My bonny, bonny Nanny-O,
My lovely charming Nanny-O,
I care not tho' the world do know
How dearly I love Nanny-O.

2. *Lais*.) A famous Corinthian courtesan.

6. *Leda* and *Danae*.) Two beauties to whom *Jove* made love; to one in the figure of a swan, to the other in a golden shower.

BONNY

44 SCOTS SONGS.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's Goddeſs in a myrtle grove
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy bow with ſpeed,
Nor let the ſhaft at random rove,

For *Jeanie's* haughty heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling boy, with divine art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an arrow keen,
Which flew unerring to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny *Jean*. 8

No more the nymph with haughty air
Refuſes *Willie's* kind addreſs ;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.

No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whiſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing charms in bonny *Jean*. 16

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind,
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt,
Now when his *Jeanie* is turn'd kind :
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean,
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If abſent from his bonny *Jean*. 24

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which even in ſummer ſhorten'd ſeems :
When ſunk in downs with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Troy's* fair prize, the *Spartan* queen :
With breaking day he liſts his fight,
And pants to be with bonny *Jean*. 32

SCOTS SONGS. 45

*The Kind Reception. To the Tune of
Auld lang syne.*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
Tho' they return with scars?
These are the noble heroes' lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars:
Welcome, my *Varo*, to my breast,
Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thousand *Cupids* play,
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state,
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball?
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale with your gay friend
You may pursue the chase;
And after a blyth bottle end
All cares in my embrace:

And

46 SCOTS SONGS.

And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine ;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

32

The heroe pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of gen'rous love,
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above :
Next day with glad consent and haste
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine,
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

40

*The PENITENT. To the Tune of, The Lads
of Livingston.*

PAIN'D with her slighting *Jamie's* love,
Bell dropt a tear,—*Bell* dropt a tear,
The gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear,—Well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praises of the Youth
From her own tongue,—From her own tongue,
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung,—And thus she sung.

8

Blest days when our ingen'ous sex,
More frank and kind,—More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
But spoke their mind,—But spoke their mind.
Repenting now she promis'd fair,
Wou'd he return,—Wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cause to mourn,—Or cause to mourn.

16

Why

SCOTS SONGS. 47

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame,—Yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame,—To own my flame?
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy,—And seem too coy?
 Which makes me now, alas! lament
 My slighted joy,—My slighted joy. 24

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring,
 Own your desire,—Own your desire;
 While love's young power with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire,—Fans up the fire.
 O do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design,—Or low design,
 Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain,—But answer plain. 32

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes,—With flowing eyes;
 Glad *Jamie* heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprise,—With sweet surprise:
 Some god had led him to the grove,
 His mind unchang'd,—His mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd,—I am reveng'd! 40

LOVE'S CURE. *To the Tune of, Peggy*
 I must love thee.

AS from a rock past all relief,
 The shipwreckt *Colin* spying
 His native home, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying;

With

48 SCOT'S SONGS.

With the next morning sun he spies
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise,
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion. 8

So when by her whom I long lov'd,
I scorn'd was and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted :
Thus droop'd I, 'till diviner grace
I found in *Peggy's* mind and face ;
Ingratitude appear'd then base,
But virtue more engaging. 16

Then now since happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying,
Let beauty yield to manly wit,
We lose ourselves in staying ;
I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
Since marriage can my fears oppose,
Why shou'd we happy minutes lose,
Since *Peggy* I must love thee ? 24

Men may be foolish, if they please,
And deem't a lover's duty,
To sigh, and sacrifice their ease,
Doating on a proud beauty :
Such was my case for many a year,
Still hope succeeding to my fear,
False *Fetty's* charms now disappear,
Since *Peggy's* far out-shine them. 32

O D E.

O D E.

HENCE every thing that can
 Disturb the quiet of a man ;
 Be blyth my soul,
 In a full bowl
 Drown thy care,
 And repair
 The vital stream :
 Since life's a dream,
 Let wine abound,
 And healths go round,
 We'll sleep more sound ;
 And let the dull unthinking mob pursue
 Each endless wish, and still their toil renew.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray*
 They are twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter ;
 But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

8

Now *Bessy's* hair's like a lint tap,
 She smiles like a *May*-morning;
 When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis'* lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, fast is her hand,
 Her waste and feet's fow genty.
 With ilka grace she can command,
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

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E

16

And

50 SCOTS SONGS.

And *Mary's* locks are like the *craw*,
 Her eye like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay fae clean, red-up and braw,
 She kills when e'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;
 And guides her airs fae gracefou still,
 O *Jove!* she's like a *Pallas*.

24

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco' fair oppress us,
 Our fancies jee between you twae,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Wae's me, for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

32

The young LAIRD and Edinburgh KATE.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen
 Coming down the street, my Jo,
 My mistress in her Tartan screen,
 Fou bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night
 That never wish'd a lover ill ;
 Since ye're out of your mither's fight,
 Let's take a wauk up to the hill.

8

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsom town a while ?
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the summer's gawn to smile ;

The

SCOTS SONGS. 51

The mavis, nightingale and lark,
The bleeting lambs and whittling hynd,
In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
Will nourish health and glad ye'r mind. 16

Soon as the clear goodman of day
Does bend his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flowers to busk ye'r brow.
We'll pou the daizies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog. 24

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tower,
A canny, saft and flow'ry den,
Which circling birks has form'd a bower:
When e'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauller shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kifs, and kifs and love. 32

KATY's Answer.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me,
I canna get leave
To look to my loove,
Or else she'll be like to devour me. 5

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet fir, but I'll tine my tocher,
E 2 Then,

52 *Edinburgh's Address to the Country.*

Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wyt ye'r poor *Kate*,
When e'er ye keek in your toom coffer. 10

For tho' my father has plenty
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco sweer
To twin wi' his gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty. 15

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion;
Brag well o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion. 20

EDINBURGH'S *Address to the Country.*
Nov. 1718.

FROM me *Edina*, to the brave and fair,
Health, joy and love, and banishment of care :
Forasmuch as bare fields and gurlie skies
Make rural scenes ungrateful to the eyes ;
When *Hyperborean* blasts confound the plain,
Driving, by turns, light snow and heavy rain ;
Ye swains and nymphs, forsake the wither'd grove,
That no damp clods may nip the buds of love ;
Since winds and tempests o'er the mountains ride,
Haste here where choice of pleasures do reside ; 10
Come to my tow'rs, and leave th' unpleasant scene,
My cheerful bosom shall your warmth sustain,
Screen'd in my walls, you may bleak winter shun,
And, for a while, forget the distant fun :

My

Edinburgh's *Address to the Country.* 53

My blazing fires, bright lamps, and sparkling wine,
As summer-sun shall warm, like him shall shine.

My witty clubs of minds that move at large,
With every glass can some great thought discharge;
When from my senate, and the toils of law,
T' unbend the mind from business you withdraw,
With such gay friends to laugh some hours away, 21
My winter even shall ding the summer's day.

My schools of law produce a manly train
Of fluent orators, who right maintain,
Practis'd t' express themselves a graceful way, 25
An eloquence shines forth in all they say.

Some *Raphael*, *Ruben*, or *Vandike* admire,
Whose bosoms glow with such a godlike fire.
Of my own race I have, who shall ere long,
Challenge a place amongst the immortal throng. 30

Others in smoothest numbers are profuse,
And can in *Mantuan* dactyls lead the muse:
And others can with musick make you gay,
With sweetest sounds *Correlli's* art display,
While they around in softest measures sing, 35
Or beat melodious *Solo's* from the string.

What pleasure can exceed to know what's great,
The hinge of war, and winding draughts of state?
These and a thousand things th' aspiring youth
May learn, with pleasure, from the sages mouth; 40
While they full-fraughted judgments do unload,
Relating to affairs home and abroad.
The generous soul is fir'd with noble flame,
To emulate victorious *Eugene's* fame,

54 *Edinburgh's Address to the Country.*

Who with fresh glories decks th' Imperial throne,
 Making the haughty *Ottoman* empire groan.
 He'll learn when warlike *Sweden* and the *Czar*,
 The *Danes* and *Prussians* shall demit the war ;
 T' observe what mighty turns of fate may spring
 From this new war rais'd by *Iberia's* king.

Long ere the morn from eastern seas arise, 50
 To sweep night-shades from off the vaulted skies,
 Oft *Love* or *Law* in dream your mind may tofs,
 And push the sluggish senses to their posts ;
 The *Hautboys* distant notes shall then oppose
 Your phantom cares, and lull you to repose. 55

To *Visit* and take *Tea* the well-dress'd fair
 May pass the crowd unruffled in her chair ;
 No dust or mire her shining foot shall stain,
 Or on the horizontal hoop give pain.
 For *Beaux* and *Belles* no city can compare, 60
 Nor shew a *Galaxy* so made, so fair ;
 The ears are charm'd, and ravish'd are the eyes,
 When at the consort my *fair stars* arise.
 What poets of fictitious beauties sing,
 Shall in bright order fill the dazzling ring : 65
 From *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the spouse of *Jove*,
 They'd gain the prize, judg'd by the god of love :
 Their sun-burnt features wou'd look dull, and fade,
 Compar'd with my *sweet white* and *blushing red*.
 The character of beauties so divine, 70
 The muse for want of words cannot define.
 The panting soul beholds with awful love,
 Impress'd on clay th' angelick forms above,
 Whose softest smiles can pow'rfully impart
 Raptures sublime, in dumb show, to the heart. 75

The strength of all these charms, if ye defy,
 My *Court of Justice* shall make you comply.

Welcome, my *Session*, thou my bosom warms,
 Thrice three times welcome to thy mother's arms :
 Thy father long, rude man ! has left my bed, 80
 Thou'rt now my guard, and support of my trade ;
 My heart yearns after thee with strong desire,
 Thou dearest image of thy antient fire :
 Should proud *Augusta* take thee from me too,
 So great a loss wou'd make *Edina* bow ; 85
 I'd sink beneath a weight I cou'd not bear,
 And in a heap of rubbish disappear.

Vain are such fears ; I'll rear my head in state,
 My boding heart foretells a glorious fate :
 New stately structures on new streets shall rise, 90
 And new-built churches tow'ring to the skies.
 From utmost *Thule* to the *Dover-rock*,
Britain's best blood in crowds to me shall flock ;
 A num'rous fleet shall be my *Fortha's* pride,
 While they in her calm roads at anchor ride : 95
 These from each coast shall bring what's great and
 rare,
 To animate the *Brave*, and please the *Fair*.

*Written beneath the historical Print of the
 wonderful Preservation of Mr. David Bruce,
 and others his School-fellows.*

St. ANDREW's, August 19, 1710.

SIX times the day with light and hope arose,
 As oft the night her terrors did oppose,
 While toss'd on roaring waves the tender crew
 Had nought but death and horror in their view :
 Pale famine, seas, bleak cold at equal strife, 5
 Conspiring all against their bloom of life :

56 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto I.

Whilst like the lamp's last flame, their trembling souls
Are on the wing to leave their mortal goals ;
And death before them stands with frightful stare,
Their spirits spent, and sunk down to despair. 10

Behold th' indulgent providential eye,
With watchful rays descending from on high ;
Angels come posting down the divine beam
To save the helpless in their last extreme :
Unseen the heav'nly guard about them flock, 15
Some rule the winds, some lead them up the rock,
While other two attend the dying pair,
To waft their young white souls thro' fields of air.

CHRIST'S KIRK on the Green, in three
CANTO'S.

Κεντιδερ ιτ βασιλις ειδ' αφτνης θαλ' ενις,
ειλ' αιτ' εν βλινκ σλ' πωετρι νοτ την ι..

Γ. Δεγλας.

C A N T O I.

WAS ne'er in Scotland heard or seen
Sic dancing and deray ;

This edition of the first Canto is taken from an old manuscript collection of Scots Poems written 150 years ago, where it is found that James, the first of that name, king of Scots, was the author ; thought to be wrote while that brave and learned prince was unfortunately kept prisoner in England by Henry VI. about the year 1412. Ballenden, in his translation of H. Boece's history, gives this character of him, ' He was
' weil lernit to fecht with the swerd, to just, to turnay, to
' worsyl, to syng and dance, was an expert medic'nar, richt
' crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and findry othir
' instrumentis of musik. He was expert in gramer, oratry and
' poetry, and maid sae flowand and sententious versis, apperit
' weil he was ane natural and borhe poete, lib. 16. cap. 16.'

Nowther

Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 57

Nowther at *Fakland* on the green,
 Nor *Peebles* at the play, 4
 As was of woers, as I ween,
 At *Christ's Kirk* on a day ;
 There came out kitties waihen clean,
 In new kirtles of gray, 8
 Fou gay that day.
 To dance these damefels them dight,
 Thir lassies light of laits,
 Thir gloves were of the raffel right,
 Their shoos were of the straits, 12
 Their kirtles were of *Lincome* light,
 Well prest with mony plaits,
 They were so nice when men them nicht,
 They squeel'd like ony gaits, 16
 Fou loud that day.
 Of all these maidens mild as mead,
 Was nane fae jimp as *Gilly*,
 As ony rose her rude was red,
 Her lire was like the lilly : 20
 Fou yellow, yellow was her head,
 But she of love was filly ;
 Tho' a' her kin had sworn her dead,
 She wald have but sweet *Willy* 24
 Alane that day.

3. *Fakland*.) In the shire of Fife, where our kings for some time had their residence.

4. *Peebles* at the play.) *Peebles* one of our royal burroughs, where the gentlemen of the shire frequently met for the diversion of horse-races and the like.

6. *Christ's Kirk*.) The place where our wedding held is either at *Lesly* (the church there bearing that name) or a place so named a little distant from *Windfor*, where our king was the time of his confinement.

9. *Them dight*.) Made themselves ready.

10. *Light of laits*.) Light or wanton in their manners.

13. *Lincome* light.) Stuff made at *Lincoln*.

She

58 *Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto I.*

She scorned *Jack*, and scraped at him,
 And murgeon'd him with mocks ;
 He wad have loo'd, she wad na lat him,
 For a' his yellow locks. 28
 He cherish'd her, she bade gae chat him,
 Counted him not twa clocks ;
 Sae shamefully his short gown set him,
 His legs were like twa rocks, 32
 Or rungs that day.

Tam Lutter was their minstrel meet,
 Good Lord how he cou'd lance,
 He play'd sae shill, and sang sae sweet,
 While *Touffe* took a trance ; 36
 Auld *Lightfoot* there he did foreleet,
 And counterfeited *France* :
 He us'd himself as man discreet,
 And up the morice-dance 40
 He took that day.

Then *Steen* came steppand in with stends,
 Nae rink might him arrest :
Plaitfoot did bob with mony bends,
 For *Mause* he made request ; 44

26. Murgeon'd him.) Ridicul'd him, by a ludicrous manner of aping his gait or actions.

29. Gae chat him.) She bid him go hang himself.

30. Twa clocks.) Reckoned him not worth a couple of beetles.

32. Twa rocks.) Two distaffs. This description of Gilly's love to Willy, and her despising Jack, notwithstanding his affection to her, is drawn with an admirable comick delicacy.

33. Minstrel meet.) A musician fit for them.

37. Auld Lightfoot there he did foreleet, and counterfeited France.) He forgot to play the good old Scots tunes like Auld Lightfoot, and imitated the French, like our modern minstrels, that dare play nought but Italiano's, for fear they spoil their fiddles.

42. Nae rink might him arrest.) The swiftest course could not stop him.

He

Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 59

He lap 'till he lay on his lends,
But risand was sae prest,
While that he hostit at baith ends,
For honour of the feast, 48
And danc'd that day.

Syne *Robin Roy* began to revel,
And *Dawny* to him rugged:
Let be, quoth *Jack*, and cau'd him jével,
And by the tail him tugged; 52
The kensie cleekit to a cavel,
But Lord as they twa lugged,
They parted manly on a navel:
Men say that hair was rugged 56
Between them twa.

Ane bent a bow, sic sturt did steer him,
Great skaith was't to have scar'd him;
He chesit a flane as did affear him,
Th' other said *Dirdum, Dardum*: 60
Throw baith the cheeks he thought to sheer him,
Or throw the arse have char'd him;
B'ane Akerbraid it camè na neer him,
I canna tell what marr'd him 64
Sae wide that day.

With that a friend of his cry'd, Fy,
And up an arrow drew,
He forged it sae furiously,
The bow in flinders flew: 68
Sae was the will of God, trow I,
For had the tree been true,
Men said, wha kend this archery,
That he had slain anew, 72
Belyve that day.

59. He chesit a flane.) He chose an arrow.

60. *Dirdum, Dardum.*) A slighting manner of speaking.
When one makes a boast of some action which we think but
meanly of, we readily say, A *Dirdum* of that.

60 Christ's Kirk *on the Green.* Canto I.

A yap young man that stood him neist,
 Loos'd aff a shot with ire,
 He etled the bairn in at the breast,
 The bolt flew o'er the bire : 76
 Ane cry'd, Fy, he has slain a priest,
 A mile beyond a mire ;
 Then bow and bag frae him he kiest,
 And fled as fierce as fire 80

Frae flint that day.

Ane hasty hensurè, called *Hary*,
 Wha was ane archer, hynd
 Fit up a tackle withoutten tarry,
 That torment fae him tynd. 84
 I watna whither's hand cou'd vary,
 Or the man was his friend ;
 For he escap'd throw' mights of *Mary*,
 As ane that nae ill mean'd, 88

But good that day.

Then *Laurie* like a lion lap,
 And soon a flame can fedder ;
 He hecht to pierce him at the pap,
 Thereon to wed a wedder : 92

75. He etled the bairn.) He design'd his arrow at the lad's breast.

76. The bolt flew o'er the bire.) He expresses his missing him, by a metaphor of a thunder-bolt flying over the bire or cow-house.

83. Hynd fit up a tackle, &c.) Immediately made ready his shooting tackle.

84. That torment fae him tynd.) His vexation made him angry.

90. A flame can fedder.) Feathered an arrow.

92. Wed a wedder.) He wagered a wedder he would pierce him at the pap.

He

Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 61

He hit him on the wame a wap,
It bufft like ony bladder;
But fae his fortune was and hap,
His doublet made of leather 96
Sav'd him that day.

The buff fae boisterously abaist him,
He to the earth dusht down;
The tither man for dead there left him,
And fled out of the town. 100
The wives came furth, and up they rest him,
And fand life in the lown;
Then with three routs on's arse they rais'd him,
And cur'd him out of fown, 104
Frae hand that day.

With forks and flails they lent great flaps,
And slang together like frigs;
With bougers of barns they best blew caps,
While they of bairns made brigs. 108
The rierd raise rudely with the raps,
When rungs were laid on riggs;
The wives came furth wi' crys and claps,
See where my liking liggs 112
Fou low this day!

They girmed, and let gird with grains,
Ilk gossip other griev'd;
Some strake with stings, some gather'd stains,
Some fled and ill mischiev'd. 116
The minstrel wan within twa wains,
'That day he wisely priev'd;
For he came hame wi' unbruis'd bains,
Where fighters were mischiev'd 120
Fou ill that day.

107. Bougers.) Rasters.

112. My liking liggs.) My sweet-heart lies on the ground.

117. Wan within two wains.) Got between two wains or waggons, and hid himself.

He

62 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto I.

Heich *Hutchon* with a hisil rice,
 To red can throw them rummil;
 He maw'd them down like only mice,
 He was na baity bummil: 124
 Tho' he was wight, he was na wife,
 With sic jangleurs to jummil;
 For frae his thumb they dang a slice,
 While he cry'd, Barlafumil, 128

I'm slain this day.

When that he saw his blood sae red,
 To flee might nae man let him;
 He ween'd it had been for auld feed,
 He thought and bade have at him; 132
 He gart his feet defend his head,
 The far fairer it set him,
 While he was past out of all plead,
 He foud been swift that gat him, 136
 Throw speed that day.

The town fouter in grief was bowden,
 His wife hang at his wait,
 His body was with blood a browden,
 He grain'd like ony ghaist; 140
 Her glittering hair that was so gowden,
 So hard in love him lac'd,
 That for her sake he was not yowden,
 While he a mile was chac'd, 144
 And mair that day.

124. Baity bummil.) Or petty fumbler; an actionless fellow.

128. Barlafumil.) Cry'd, Barley, or, a Parleyfumil, I'm fallen.

137. In grief was bowden.) Was furnish'd with abundance of grief. One who has enough of any thing, we say, he is well bodin.

139. Blood a browden.) All besmear'd with blood. But browden more commonly means forward, or fond.

143. Not yowden.) Not tired.

The

Canto I. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 63

The miller was of manly make,
To meet him was nae mows ;
There durst nae tenfome there him take,
Sae noyted he their pows : 148
The bushment heal about him brake,
And bickered him wi' bows ;
Syne trait'rously behind his back,
They hew'd him on the howes, 152
Behind that day.

Twa that were headsmen of the herd,
On ither ran like rams,
They follow'd, seeming right unfear'd,
Beat on with barrow-trams : 156
But where their gabs they were ungear'd,
They gat upon the gams ;
While bloody barkn'd was their beards,
As they had worried lambs, 160
Maist like that day.

The wives keist up a hideous yell,
When all these yonkiers yoked ;
As fleece as flags of fire-flaughts fell,
Frieks to the fields they flocked : 164
The carles with clubs did others quell
On breasts, while blood out-boaked ;
Sae rudly rang the common bell,
That a' the steeple rocked. 168
For dread that day.

By this *Tam Taylor* was in's gear,
When that he heard the bell,
He said he should make all a steer,
When he came there himsel : 172

152. They hew'd him on the hows.) Threw him on his
back by striking him on his hows, i. e. houghs,

164. Frieks.) Young fellows.

166. Out-boaked.) Gush'd out.

He

64 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto I.

He gaed to fight in sic a fear,
While on the ground he fell;
A wife that hat him on the ear,
With a great knocking-mell, 176
Fell'd him that day.

When they had bierd like baited bulls,
And brain-wood brynt in bails;
They were as meek as any mules,
That mangit are with mails, 180
For faintness thae forfoughten fools
Fell down like slaughter'd fails;
Fresh men came in, and hal'd the dools,
And dang them down in dails, 184
Bedeem that day.

When a' was done, *Dick* with an aix,
Came furth to fell a fiddler,
Quoth he, where are yon hangit smaiks,
That wad have slain my brither? 188
His wife bad him gae home *Gib Glaicks*,
And sae did *Meg* his mither;
He turn'd and gave them baith their paiks,
For he durst ding nae ithar, 192
But them that day.

178. And brain-wood.) Being distracted, or brain-sick.
180. Mangit are with mails.) Wearied and gall'd with their loading.

182. Slaughter'd fails.) Turf that the country people flea for covering their houses.

183. Hal'd the dools.) See *Lucky Spence*, line 40.

184. Down in dails, bedeen.) In heaps, a great deal of them, Bedeen, speedily.

185. Came furth to fell a fiddler.) Cut down a fiddler, or load of wood.

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CHRIST'S KIRK *on the Green.*

CANTO II.

BUT there had been mair blood and skaith,
Sair harship and great spulie,
And mony a ane had gotten his death

By this unfonsie tooly : 4
But that the bauld good-wife of *Braith*
Arm'd wi' a great kail gully,
Came bellyslaught, and loot an aith,
She'd gar them a' be hooly 8
Fou fast that day.

Blyth to win aff fae wi' hale banes,
Tho' mony had clowr'd pows ;
And dragl d fae 'mang muck and stanes,
They look'd like wirry-kows : 12
Quoth some, who 'maist had tint their aynds,
Let's see how a' bowls rows :
And quat this brulziment at anes,
Yon Gully is nae mows, 16

Forsooth this day.

The king having painted the rustick squabble with an uncommon spirit, in a most ludicrous manner, in a stanza of verse the most difficult to keep the sense complete, as he has done, without being forced to bring in words for crambo's sake, where they return so frequently :

Ambitious to imitate so great an Original, I put a stop to the war ; called a congrés, and made them sign a peace, that the world might have their picture in the more agreeable hours of drinking, dancing and singing. The following Canto's were wrote, one in 1715, the other in 1718, about 300 years after the first. Let no worthy poet despair of immortality ; good sense will be always the same in spite of the revolution of words.

7. Came bellyslaught.) Came in great haste, as it were flying full upon them with her arms spread, as a falcon with expanded wings comes soussing upon her prey.

8. Be hooly fou fast.) Desist immediately.

14. Let's see how a' bowls rows.) A bowling-green phrase, commonly used when people would examine any affair that's a little ravel'd,

66 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto II.

Quoth *Hutchon*, I am well content,
 I think we may do war;
 'Till this time toumond i'se indent
 Our claiths of dirt will fa'r : 20
 Wi' nevels I'm amaisf fawn faint,
 My chafts are dung a char;
 Then took his bonnet to the bent,
 And daddit aff the glar, 24
 Fou clean that day.

Tam Taylor, wha in time of battle
 Lay as gin some had fell'd him;
 Gat up now wi' an unco' rattle,
 As nane there durst a quell'd him : 28
 Bauld *Bess* flew till him wi' a brattle,
 And spite of his teeth held him
 Close by the craig, and with her fatal
 Knife shored she would geld him, 32
 For peace that day.

Syne a' wi' ae consent shook hands,
 As they stood in a ring;
 Some red their hair, some set their bands,
 Some did their fark tails wring : 36
 Then for a hap to shaw their brands,
 They did their minstrel bring,
 Where clever houghs like willi-wands,
 At ilka blythsome spring, 40
 Lap high that day.

Glaud Peki was na very blate,
 He stood nae lang a dreigh;

17. Quoth *Hutchon*.) Vide Canto I. line 121. He's brave,
 and the first man for an honourable peace.

25. *Tam Taylor*.) Vide Canto I. line 169. He's a coward,
 but would appear valiant when he finds the rest in peace.

For

Canto II. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 67

For by the wame he gripped *Kate*,
And gar'd her gi'e a skreigh : 44

Had aff, quoth she, ye filthy slate,
Ye stink o' leeks, O sigh !
Let gae my hands, I say, be quait ;
And vow gin she was skeigh, 48

And mim that day.

Now settl'd gossies fat, and keen
Did for fresh bickers birle ;
While the young swankies on the green
Took round a merry tirl : 52

Meg Wallet wi' her pinky een,
Gart *Lawrie's* heart-strings dirle,
And fouk wad threep, that she did green
For what wad gar her skirle 56
And skreigh some day.

The manly miller, haff and haff,
Came out to shaw good will,
Flang by his mittens and his staff,
Cry'd, gi'e me *Patty's-Mill* ; 60

He lap bawk-hight, and cry'd, had aff,
They rus'd him that had skill ;
He wad do't better, quoth a cawf,
Had he another gill 64

Of usquebae.

Furth started neist a pensy blade,
And out a maiden took,
They said that he was *Falkland* bred,
And danced by the book ; 68

50. Did for fresh bickers birle.) Contributed for fresh bottles.

57. Haff and haff.) Half fuddled.

61. He lap bawk-hight.) So high as his head could strike the loft, or joining of the couples.

67. *Falkland* bred.) Been a journey-man to the king's taylor, and had seen court-dancing.

68 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto II.

A foupel taylor to his trade,
 And when their hands he shook,
 Ga'e them what he got frae his dad,
Videlicet, the yuke, 72
 To claw that day.

Whan a' cry'd out he did fae weel,
 He *Meg* and *Bess* did call up;
 The lasses bab'd about the reel,
 Gar'd a' their hurdies wallop, 76
 And swat like pownies whan they speel
 Up braes, or when they gallop,
 But a thrawn knoblock hit his heel,
 And wives had him to haul up, 80
 Haff fell'd that day.

But mony a pauky look and tale
 Gaed round whan glowming hous'd them,
 The ostler wife brought ben good ale,
 And bade the lasses rouze them; 84
 Up wi' them lads, and I'se be bail
 They'll loo ye an ye touze them:
 Quoth gawssie, this will never fail
 Wi' them that this gate woes them, 88
 On sic a day.

Syne stools and furms were drawn aside,
 And up raise *Willy Dadle*,
 A short hought man, but fou o' pride,
 He said the fiddler play'd ill; 92
 Let's ha'e the pipes, quoth he, beside;
 Quoth a', that is nae said ill;
 He fits the floor syne wi' the bride
 To *Cuttyman* and *Treeladle*, 96
 Thick, thick that day.

82. Glowming hous'd them.) Twilight brought them into the house.

96. Cuttymun, &c.) A tune that goes very quick.

He

Canto II. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 69

In the mean time in came the laird,
And by some right did claim,
To kifs and dance wi' *Masie Aird*,
A dink and dortie dame : 100
But O poor *Mause* was aff her guard,
For back gate frae her wame,
Beckin she loot a fearfu' raird,
That gart her think great shame, 104
And blush that day.

Auld *Steen* led out *Maggie Forsyth*,
He was her ain good-brither ;
And ilka ane was unco' blyth,
To see auld fouk sae clever. 108
Quoth *Jock*, wi' laughter like to rive,
What think ye o' my mither ?
Were my dad dead, let me ne'er thrive
But she wa'd gat anither 112
Good-man this day.

Tam Lutter had a muckle dish,
And betwisht ilka tune,
He laid his lugs in't like a fish,
And suckt 'till it was done ; 116
His bags were liquor'd to his wifh,
His face was like a moon :
But he cou'd get nae place to pish
In, but his ain twa shoon, 120
For thrang that day.

The latter-gae of haly rhime,
Sat up at the boord-head,

118. His face was like a moon.) Round, full and shining.
When one is staring full of drink, he's said to have a face like
a full moon.

121. The latter-gae of haly rhime.) The reader or church
precenter, who lets go, i. e. gives out the tune to be sung by
the rest of the Congregation.

70 Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto II.

And a' he said was thought a crime
To contradict indeed : 124

For in clark-lear he was right prime,
And cou'd baith write and read,
And drank fae firm 'till ne'er a styme
He cou'd keek on a bead, 128

Or book that day.

When he was frute, twa sturdy chiels,
Be's oxter and be's coller,
Held up frae cowping o' the creels
The liquid logick scholar. 132

When he came hame his wife did reel,
And rampage in her choler,
With that he brake the spinning-wheel,
That cost a good rix-dollar, 136
And mair some fay.

Near bed-time now ilk weary wight
Was gaunting for his rest ;
For some were like to tyne their sight,
Wi' sleep and drinking streft. 140
But ithers that were stomach-tight,
Cry'd out, it was nae best
To leave a supper that was dight,
To *Brownies*, or a ghaist, 144
To eat or day.

126. Baith write and read.) A rarity in those days.

128. Keek on a bead.) Pray after the Roman Catholick manner, which was the religion then in fashion.

131. Frae cowping of the creels.) From turning topsy turvy.

144. To *Brownies*.) Many whimsical stories are handed down to us by old women of these *Brownies* : they tell us they were a kind of good drudging spirits, who appeared in shape of rough men, would have lyen familiarly by the fire all night, threshen in the barn, brought a midwife at a time, and done many such kind offices. But none of them have been seen in Scotland since the reformation, as saith the wife John Brown.

On

Canto II. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 71

On whomelt tubs lay twa lang dails,
 On them stood mony a goan,
 Some fill'd wi' brachan, some wi' kail,
 And milk het frae the loan. 148

Of daintiths they had routh and wale,
 Of which they were right fon ;
 But nathing wad gae down but ale
 Wi' drunken *Donald Don* 152

The smith that day.

Twa times aught bannocks in a heap,
 And twa good junts of beef,
 Wi' hind and fore spaul of a sheep, 156
 Drew whittles frae ilk sheath :

Wi' gravie a their beards did dreep,
 They kempit with their teeth ;
 A kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep 160
 Its lane pat on the sheaf,

In stous that day.

The bride was now laid in her bed,
 Her left leg ho was slung ;
 And *Geordie Gib* was fidgeen glad, 164
 Because it hit *Jean Gup* :

She was his Jo, and aft had said,
 Fy, *Geordie*, had your tongue,
 Ye's ne'er get me to be your bride :
 But chang'd her mind when bung, 168

That very day.

Tehee, quoth *Touzie*, when she saw
 The cathel coming ben,

160. A kebbuck syn that 'maist cou'd creep its lane pat on the sheaf.) A cheese full of crawling mites crown'd the feast.

162. Her left leg ho was slung) The practice of throwing the bridegroom or the bride's stocking when they are going to bed, is well known : the person who it lights on is to be next married of the company.

169. Tehee.) An interjection of laughter.

72 Christ's Kirk *on the* Green. Canto II.

It pypin hat gae'd round them a'
 The bride she made a fen, 172
 To sit in wylicoat sae braw,
 Upon her nether en;
 Her lad like ony cock did craw,
 That meets a clockin hen, 176
 And blyth were they.

The fouter, miller, smith and *Dick*,
Lawrie and *Hutchon* bauld,
 Carles that keep nae very strict
 Be hours, tho' they were auld; 180
 Nor cou'd they e'er leave aff that trick,
 But whare good ale was fald,
 They drank a' night, e'en tho' auld nick
 Shou'd tempt their wives to scald 184
 Them for't neist day.

Was ne'er in *Scotland* heard or seen
 Sic banqueting and drinkin,
 Sic revelling and battles keen,
 Sic dancing and sic jinkin, 188
 And unko wark that fell at e'en,
 Whan lasses were haff winkin,
 They lost they feet and baith their een,
 And maidenheads gae'd linkin 192
 Aff a' that day.

176. Clokin hen.) A hatching hen.

CHRIST'S KIRK *on the* Green.

C A N T O III.

NOW frae east nook of *Fife* the dawn
 Speel'd westlines up the lift,
 Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,
 Begoud to rax and rift : 4
 And greedy wives wi' girning thrawn,
 Cry'd, lassies up to thrift ;
 Dogs barked, and the lads frae hand
 Bang'd to their breeks like drift, 8
 Be break of day.
 But some wha had been fow yestreen,
 Sic as the latter-gae,
 Air up had nae will to be seen,
 Grudgin their groat to pay. 12
 But what aft fristed's no forgeen,
 When fouk has nought to say ;
 Yet sweer were they to rake their een,
 Sic dizzy heads had they, 16
 And het that day.

Curious to know how my bridal folks would look next day after the marriage, I attempted this third Canto, which opens with a description of the morning. Then the friends come and present their gifts to the new-married couple. A view is taken of one girl (Kirsh) who had come fairly off, and of Maufe who had stumbled with the laird. Next a new scene of drinking is represented, and the young good-man is creel'd. Then the character of the smith's ill-natured shrew is drawn, which leads in the description of riding the stang. Next Magy Murdy has an exemplary character of a good wife wife. Deep drinking and bloodless quarrels, makes an end of an old tale.

1. East nook of *Fife*.) Where day must break upon my company ; if, as I have observed, the scene is at Lesly church.

12. Their groat to pay.) Payment of the drunken groat is very peremptorily demanded by the common people next morning ; but if they frankly confess the debt due, they are passed for two-pence.

15. Rake their een.) Rub open their eyes. Be

74 *Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto III.*

Be that time it was fair four days,
 As fou's the house cou'd pang,
 To see the young fouk ere they raise,
 Gossips came in ding dang, 20
 And wi' a soss aboon the claiths,
 Ilk ane their gifts down slang :
 Twall toop horn-spoons down *Maggy* lays,
 Baith muckle mow'd and lang, 24
 For kale or whey.

Her aunt a pair of tangs fush in,
 Right bauld she spake and spruce,
 Gin your goodman shall make a din,
 And gabble like a goose, 28
 Shorin whan fou to skelp ye're skin,
 Their tangs may be of use ;
 Lay them enlang his pow or shin,
 Wha wins syn may make roose, 32
 Between you twa.

Auld *Bessie* in her red coat braw,
 Came wi' her ain oe *Nanny*,
 An odd-like wife, they said that saw,
 A moupin runckled granny, 36
 She fley'd the kimmers ane and a',
 Word gae'd she was na kanny ;
 Nor wad they let Lucky awa,
 'Till she was wi' branny, 40
 Like mony mae.

Steen fresh and fastin 'mang the rest
 Came in to get his morning,

17. Fair four days.) Broad day-light.

21. Aboon the claiths) They commonly throw their gifts
 of household furniture above the bed-cloaths where the young
 folks are lying.

38. Word gade she was na kanny.) It was reported she was
 a witch.

Speer'd

Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 75

Speer'd gin the bride had tane the test,
And how she loo'd her corning? 44

She leugh as she had fun a nest,
Said, let a be ye'r scorning.
Quoth *Roger*, fegs I've done my best,
To ge'er a charge of horning, 48
As well's I may.

Kind *Kirsh* was there, a kanty las,
Black-ey'd, black-hair'd, and bonny;
Right well red up and jimp she was,
And wooers had fow mony : 52

I wat na how it came to pass,
She cutled in wi' *Jonnie*,
And tumbling wi' him on the grafs,
Dung a' her cockernonny 56
A jee that day.

But *Mause* begrutten was and bleer'd,
Look'd thowless, dowf and sleepy;
Auld *Maggy* kend the wyt and sneer'd,
Caw'd her a poor daft heepy : 60
It's a wise wife that kens her weird,
What tho' ye mount the creepy;
There a good lesson may be lear'd,
And what the war will ye be 64
To stand a day.

Or bairs can read, they first maun spell,
I learn'd this frae my mammy,

43. Had tane the test.) I do not mean an oath of that name we all have heard of.

48. Charge of horning.) Is a writ charging to make payment, declaring the debtor a rebel. N. B. It may be leit in the lock hole, if the doors be shut.

60. Mount the creepy.) The stool of repentance.

And

76 *Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto III.*

And coost a legen-girth my fell,
 Lang or I married *Tammie* :
 I'se warrand ye have a' heard tell,
 Of bonny *Andrew Lammy*,
 Stiffly in loove wi' me he fell,
 As soon as e'er he saw me :

That was a day.

72

Hait drink, fresh butter'd caiks and cheese,

That held their hearts aboon,
 Wi' clashes mingled aft wi' lies,

Drave aff the hale forenoon :

76

But after dinner an ye please,

To weary not o'er soon,

We down to e'ning edge wi' ease

Shall loup, and see what's done

80

I' the doup o' the day.

Now what the friends wad fain been at,

They that were right true blue ;

Was e'en to get their wysons wat,

And fill young *Roger* fou :

84

But the bauld billy took his maut,

And was right stiff to bow ;

He fairly ga'e them tit for tat,

And scour'd aff healths anew,

88

Clean out that day.

A creel bout fow of muckle stains

They clinked on his back,

67. Coost a legen-girth.) Like a tub that loses one of its bottom-hoops.

84. Fill young *Roger* fou.) 'Tis a custom for the friends to endeavour the next day after the wedding to make the new-married man as drunk as possible.

89. A creel, &c.) For merriment, a creel or basket is bound, full of stone; upon his back; and if he has acted a manly part, his young wife with all imaginable speed cuts the cords, and relieves him from the burden. If she does not, he's rallied for a fumbler.

To

Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 77

To try the pith o's rigg and reins,
They gart him cadge this pack. 92
Now as a sign he had tane pains,
His young wife was na slack,
To rin and ease his shoulder-bains,
And sneg'd the raips fow snacks, 96
We'er knife that day.

Syne the blyth carles, tooth and nail,
Fell keenly to the wark;
To ease the gantrees of the ale,
And try wha was maist stark; 100
'Till boord and floor, and a' did fail,
Wi' spilt ale i' the dark;
Gart Jock's fit slide, he like a fail,
Play'd dad, and dang the bark 104
Aff's shins that day.

The fouter, miller, smith and Dick,
Et cet'ra, closs fat cockin,
'Till wasted was baith cash and tick,
Sae ill were they to flocken; 108
Gane out to pish in gutters thick,
Some fell and some gae'd rockin,
Sawny hang sneering on his stick,
To see bauld Hutchon bockin 112
Rainbows that day.

The smith's wife her black deary fought,
And fand him skin and birn:
Quoth she, this day's wark's be dear bought,
He ban'd, and gae a girn; 116

105. The fouter, &c.) Vide Canto II. line 177.

114. Skin and birn.) The marks of a sheep; the burn on the nose, and the tar on the skin, i. e. She was sure it was him, with all the marks of her drunken husband about him.

Ca'd

78 *Christ's Kirk on the Green. Canto III.*

Ca'd her a jade, and said she mucht
 Gae hame and scum her kirk :
 Whisht ladren, for gin ye say ought
 Mair, I'll wind ye a pirk 120
 To reel some day.

Ye'll wind a pirk ! ye filly snool,
 Wae-worth ye'r drunken faul,
 Quoth she, and lap out o'er a stool,
 And claught him be the spaul : 124
 He shook her, and sware muckle dool
 Ye's thole for this, ye scaul ;
 I'll rive frae aff ye'r hips the hool,
 And learn ye to be baul 128
 On sic a day.

Your tippanizing, scant o' grace,
 Quoth she, gars me gang duddy ;
 Our nibour *Pate* sin break o' day's
 Been thumpin at his studdy, 132
 An it be true that some fowk says,
 Ye'll girk yet in a woody ;
 Syne wi' her nails she rave his face,
 Made a' his black baird bloody, 136
 Wi' scarts that day.

A gilpy that had seen the faught,
 I wat he was nae lang,
 'Till he had gather'd seven or aught
 Wild hempies stout and strang ; 140
 They frae a barn a kabir raught,
 Ane mounted wi' a bang,

120. Wind ye a pirk.) Is a threatening expression, when one
 designs to contrive some malicious thing to vex you.

Betwixt

Canto III. Christ's Kirk on the Green. 79

Betwisht twa's shouders, and sat straught
 Upon't, and rade the stang 144
 On her that day.

The wives and gytlings a' span'd out
 O'er middings and o'er dykes,
 Wi' mony an unco skirl and shout,
 Like bumbees frae their bykes; 148
 Thro' thick and thin they scour'd about,
 Plashin thro' dubs and sykes,
 And sic a reird ran thro' the rout,
 Gart a' the hale town tykes 152
 Yamph loud that day.

But d'ye see fou better bred
 Was menf-fou *Magoy Murdy*,
 She her man like a lammy led
 Hame, wi' a well wail'd wordy: 156
 Fast frae the company he fled,
 As he had tane the sturdy;
 She fleech'd him fairly to his bed,
 Wi' ca'ing him her burdy, 160
 Kindly that day.

But *Lawrie* he took out his nap
 Upon a mow of pease,
 And *Robin* spew'd in's ain wife's lap;
 He said it ga'e him ease. 164
Hutchon wi' a three-lugged cap,
 His head bizzin wi' bees,

144. Rade the stang on her.) The riding of the stang on a woman that hath beat her husband, is as I have described it, by one's riding upon a sting, or a long piece of wood, carried by two others on their shoulders, where, like a herald, he proclaims the woman's name, and the manner of her unnatural action.

158. Tane the sturdy.) A disease amongst sheep that makes them giddy, and run off from the rest of the herd.

80 Christ's Kirk *on the* Green. *Canto* III.

Hit *Geordy* a mislushios rap,
 And brake the brig o's neefe 168
Right fair that day.

Syne ilka thing gae'd arse o'er head,
 Chanlers, boord, stools, and stowps,
 Flew thro' the house wi' muckle speed,
 And there was little hopes, 172
 But there had been some ill-done deed,
 They gat sic thrawart cowps;
 But a' the skaith that chanc'd indeed,
 Was only on their dowps, 176
Wi' faws that day.

Sae whiles they toolied, whiles they drank,
 'Till a' their sence was smor'd;
 And in their maws there was nae mank,
 Upon the furms some snor'd: 180
 Ithers frae aff the bunkers sank,
 Wi' een like collops scor'd:
 Some ram'd their noddles wi' a clank,
 E'en like a thick-sculld lord, 184
On posts that day.

The young good-man to bed did clim,
 His dear the door did lock in;
 Crap down beyont him, and the rim
 O'er wame he clapt hic dock on: 188
 She fand her lad was not in trim,
 And be this same good token,
 That ilka member, lith and limb,
 Was souple like a doken, 192
'Bout him that day.

The

Notwithstanding all this my publick spirited pains, I am
 well assured there are a few heavy heads, who will bring down
 the thick of their cheeks to the sides of their mouths, and
richly

The SCRIBBLERS Lash'd.

*You write pindaricks! and be d—n'd,
 Write epigrams for cutlers;
 None with thy nonserse will be sham'd
 But chamber-maids and butlers.
 In t'other world expect d y blow;
 No tears shall wipe thy stains out:
 Horace shall pluck thee by the nose,
 And Pindar beat thy brains out.*

T. BROWN to T. D'URFY.

THAT I thus prostitute my muse
 On theme so low, may gain excuse;

richly stupid, alledge there's some things in it have a meaning. Well, I own it; and think it handsomer in a few lines to say something, than talk a great deal, and mean nothing. Pray, is there any thing vicious or unbecoming in saying, 'Mens Liths and Limbs are souple when intoxicated?' Does it not show, that excessive drinking enervates and unhinges a man's constitution, and makes him incapable of performing divine or natural duties. There is the moral. And believe me, I could raise many useful notes from every character, which the ingenious will presently find out.

'Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 'And rise to faults true criticks dare not mend;
 'From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part.
 'And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.' POPE.

Thus have I pursued these comical characters, having gentlemen's health and pleasure, and the good manners of the vulgar in view: the main design of comedy being to represent the follies and mistakes of low life in a just light, making them appear as ridiculous as they really are, that each who is a spectator, may evite his being the object of laughter. Any body that has a mind to look four upon it, may use their freedom.

'Not laugh, beasts, fishes, fowls, nor reptiles can;
 'That's a peculiar happiness of man:
 'When govern'd with a prudent chearful grace,
 'Tis one of the first beauties of the face.

When following motives shall be thought on,
Which has this dogrel fury brought on.
I'm call'd in honour to protect
The fair when tret with disrespect :
Besides, a zeal transports my soul,
Which no constraint can e'er controul ;
In service of the government,
To draw my pen, and satyr vent,
Against vile mungrels of *Parnassus*,
Who through impunity oppress us.
'Tis to correct this scribbling crew,
Who, as in former reigns, so now
Torment the world, and load our time
With jargon cloath'd in wretched rhyme,
Disgrace of numbers ! earth ! I hate them !
And as they merit, so I'll treat them.

And first, these ill-bred things I lash,
That hated authors of the trash,
In publick spread with little wit,
Much malice, rude and bootless spite,
Against the sex, who have no arms
To shield them from insulting harms,
Except the light'ning of their eye,
Which none but such blind dolts defy.

Ungen'rous war! t'attack the fair :
But, ladies, fear not, ye're the care
Of every wit of true descent,
At once their song and ornament : 30
They'll ne'er neglect the lovely crowd ;
But spite of all the multitude
Of scribbling fops, assert your cause,
And execute *Apollo's* laws :
Apollo, who the bard inspires 35
With softest thoughts and divine fires ;
Than

Than whom on all the earth there's no man
 More complaisant to a fine woman.
 Such veneration mixt with love,
 Points out a poet from above : 40
 But *Zanny's* void of sense and merit,
 Love, fire, or fancy, wit or spirit :
 Weak, frantick, clownish, and chagreen,
 Pretending, prompt by zealous spleen,
 T' affront your head-dress, or your bone-fence, 45
 Make printers presses groan with nonsense.
 But while *Sol's* offspring lives, as soon
 Shall they pull down his sister moon.

They with low incoherent stuff,
 Dark sense, or none, lines lame and rough ; 50
 Without a thought, air or address,
 All the whole loggerhead confess.
 From clouded notions in the brain,
 They scribble in a cloudy strain ;
 Desire of verse they reckon wit, 55
 And rhyme without one grain of it.
 Then hurry forth in publick town
 Their scrawls, lest they should be unknown.
 Rather than want a fame, they chuse
 The plague of an infamous muse. 60
 Unthinking, thus the sots aspire,
 And raise their own reproach the high'r :
 By meddling with the modes and fashions
 Of women of politest nations.
 Perhaps by this they'd have it told us, 65
 That in their spirit something bold is,
 To challenge those who have the skill,
 By charms to save, and frowns to kill.

If not ambition, then 'tis spite,
 Which makes the puny insects write. 70
 G 2 Like

84 *The* SCRIBBLERS *Last*'d.

Like old and mouldy maids turn'd four,
 When distant charms have lost their pow'r,
 Fly out in loud transports of passion,
 When ought that's new comes first in fashion;
 'Till by degrees it creeps right snodly 75
 On hips and head-dress of the g——y.
 Thus they to please the sighing sisters,
 Who often beet them in their misters,
 With their malicious breath set sail,
 And write these silly things they rail. 80
 Pimps! such as you can ne'er extend
 A flight of wit, which may amend
 Our morals; that's a plot too nice
 For you to laugh folks out of vice.
 Sighing, oh hey! ye cry, alace! 85
 This fardingale's a great disgrace!
 And all indeed, because an ancle,
 Or foot is seen, might monarchs mangle;
 And makes the wife, with face upright,
 Look up, and bless heav'n for their sight. 90

In your opinion nothing matches,
 O horrid sin! the crime of patches!
 'Tis false, ye clowns; I'll make't appear,
 The glorious sun does patches wear:
 Yea, run thro' all the frame of nature, 95
 You'll find a patch for ev'ry creature:
 Even you yourselves, ye blackned wretches,
 To *Heliconians* are the patches.

But grant that ladies modes were ill
 To be reform'd; your creeping skills, 100
 Ye rhimers, never wou'd succeed,
 Who write what the polite ne'er read.

78. Beet them in their misters.) Oblige them upon occasion.

To cure an error of the fair,
 Demands the nicest prudent care;
 Wit utter'd in a pleasing strain, 105
 A point so delicate may gain :
 But that's a task as far above
 Your shallow reach, as I'm from *Jove*.

No more then let the world be vexed
 With baggage empty and perplexed : 110
 But learn to speak with due respect
 Of *Peggie's* breasts and ivory neck.
 Such purblind eyes as your's, 'tis true,
 Shou'd ne'er such divine beauties view.
 If *Nellie's* hoop be twice as wide, 115
 As her two pretty limbs can stride ;
 What then ? will any man of sense
 Take umbrage, or the least offence,
 At what even the most modest may
 Expose to *Phæbus'* brightest ray ? 120
 Does not the handsome of our city,
 The pious, chaste, the kind and witty,
 Who can afford it, great and small,
 Regard well-shapen fardingale ?
 And will you, *Mag-yes*, make a noise ? 125
 You grumble at the lady's choice !
 Pray leav't to them, and mothers wise,
 Who watch their conduct, mein and guise,
 To shape their weeds as fits their ease ;
 And place their patches as they please. 130
 This shou'd be granted without grudging,
 Since we all know they're best at judging,
 What from mankind demands devotion,
 In gesture, garb, free airs, and motion.
 But you ! unworthy of my pen ! 135
 Unworthy to be class'd with men !

86 *The SCRIBBLERS Lash'd.*

Haste to *Caffar*, ye clumsy fots,
And there make love to *Hottentots*.

Another sett with ballads waffe
Our paper, and debauch our taste 140
With endless alarms on the street,
Where crowds of circling rabble meet.
The vulgar judge of poetry,
By what these hawkers sing and cry :
Yea, some who claim to wit amiss, 145
Cannot distinguish That from This.
Hence poets are accounted now
In *Scotland* a mean empty crew :
Whose heads are craz'd, who spend their time
In that poor wretched trade of rhyme. 150
Yet all the learn'd discerning part
Of mankind own the heav'nly art
Is as much distant from such trash,
As lay'd *Dutch* coin from *Sterling* cash.

Others in lofty nonsense write ; 155
Incomprehensible's their flight ;
Such magick pow'r is in their pen,
They can bestow on worthless men
More virtue, merit and renown,
Than ever they cou'd call their own. 160
They write with arbitrary power,
And pity 'tis they shou'd fall lower ;
Or stoop to truth, or yet to meddle
With common sense, for crambo diddle.

But none of all the rhiming herd 165
Are more encourag'd and rever'd
By heavy souls to their's ally'd,
Than such who tell who lately dy'd.

No

The SCRIBBLERS Lash'd. 87

No sooner is the spirit flown,
 From its clay-cage, to lands unknown, 170
 Then some rash hackney gets his name,
 And thro' the town laments the same :
 An honest burges cannot die,
 But they must weep in elegy ;
 Even when the virtuous soul is soaring 175
 Thro' middle air, he hears it roaring.

These ills and many more abuses
 Which plague mankind, and vex the muses,
 On pain of poverty shall cease,
 And all the fair shall live in peace : 180
 And every one shall die contented,
 Happy when not by them lamented.
 For great *Apollo* in his name,
 Has order'd me thus to proclaim :

‘ Forasmuch as a grov’ling crew, 185
 ‘ With narrow mind, and brazen brow,
 ‘ Wou’d fain to poets title mount,
 ‘ And with vile maggots rub affront
 ‘ On an old virtuoso nation,
 ‘ Where our lov’d nine maintain their station : 190
 ‘ We order strict, that all refrain
 ‘ To write, who learning want, and brain ;
 ‘ Pedants, with *Hebrew* roots o’ergrown,
 ‘ Learn’d in each language but their own.
 ‘ Each spiritless half-starving sinner, 195
 ‘ Who knows not how to get his dinner :
 ‘ Dealers in small ware, clinks, whim-whams,
 ‘ Acrosticks, puns, and anagrams ;
 ‘ And all who their productions grudge,
 ‘ To be canvast by skilful judge, 200

88 *The SCRIBBLERS Last'd.*

- ' Who can find out indulgent trip,
- ' Whilst 'tis in harmless manuscript.
- ' But to all them who disobey,
- ' And jog on still in their own way ;

- ' Be't kend to all men that our will is, 205
- ' Since all they write so wretched ill is ;
- ' They must dispatch their shallow ghosts,
- ' To *Pluto's* jakes, and take their posts ;
- ' There to attend, 'till *Dis* shall deign
- ' To use their works ; the use is plain.' 210

Now know, ye scoundrels, if ye stand
 To humph and ha at this command,
 The furies have prepar'd a halter,
 To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,
 'Through bogs and moors, like rats and mice, 215
 Pursu'd with hunger, rags and lice,
 If e'er ye dare again to croak,
 And god of harmony provoke.
 Wherefore pursue some craft for bread,
 Where hands may better serve than head ; 220
 Nor ever hope in verse to shine,
 Or share in *Homer's* fate or ——.



C O N T E N T.

C O N T E N T. A P O E M.

*Content is wealth, the riches of the mind :
 And happy he who can that treasure find :
 But the base miser starves amidst his store,
 Troods on his gold, and gripping still for more,
 Sts sadly pining, and believes he's poor.* }
 DRYDEN.

Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.
 PRIOR.

WHEN genial beams wade thro' the dewy morn,
 And from the clod invite the sprouting corn ;
 When chequer'd green, wing'd musick, new blown
 scents,
 Conspir'd to sooth the mind, and please each sense :
 Thn down a shady haugh I took my way, 5
 Delighted with each flower and budding spray ;
 Mung on all that hurry, pain and strife,
 Which flow from the fantastick ills of life.
 Enlig'd from such distresses of the mind,
 Due gratitude to heav'n my thoughts refin'd, 10
 And made me in the laughing sage's way,
 As anere farce the murm'ring world survey ;
 Finding imagin'd maladies abound,
 Tenild for one, which gives a real wound.

 Gdlike is he who no false fears annoy, 15
 Whoves content, and grasps the present joy ;
 Whol mind is not with wild convulsions rent
 Of pre, and avarice, and discontent :

11. aughing sage.) Democritus.

Whose

Whose well-train'd passions, with a pious awe,
 Are all subordinate to reason's law : 20
 Then smooth content arises like the day,
 And makes each rugged phantom fly away.
 To lowest men she gives a lib'ral share
 Of solid bliss ; she mitigates our care,
 Enlarging joys, administering health ; 25
 The rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's wealth ;
 A train of comforts on her nod attend,
 And to her sway profits and honours bend.

Hail blest content ! who art by heav'n design'd
 Parent of health and chearfulness of mind ; 30
 Serene content shall animate my song,
 And make the immortal numbers smooth and strong.

Silenus, thou whose hoary beard and head
 Experience speak, and youth's attention plead ;
 Retail thy gather'd knowledge, and disclose 35
 What state of life enjoys the most repose.
 Thus I address :—And thus the ancient bard ;—
 First, to no state of life fix thy regard.
 All mortals may be happy, if they please,
 Not rack'd with pain, nor lingering disease. 40

Midas the wretch, wrapt in his patched rags
 With empty paunch, sits brooding o'er his bag ;
 Meager his look, his mind in constant fright,
 If winds but move his windows in the night ;
 If dogs should bark, or but a mouse make din 45
 He sweats and starts, and thinks the thief's got in :
 His sleep forsake him 'till the dawn appears,
 Which every thing but such a caitiff cheers ;
 It gives him pain to buy a farthing-light,
 He jums at home in darkness all the night. 50
 What

C O N T E N T.

91

What makes him manage with such cautious pain ?
 'T would break a sum ; a farthing spent so vain !
 If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when some needful man
 Gives ten *per Cent.* with an insuring pawn ;
 Tho' he's provided in as much would serve 55
 Whole *Nestor's* years, he ever fears to starve.
 Tell him of alms, alas ! he'd rather chuse
 Damnation and the promis'd blifs refuse.
 — *And is there such a wretch beneath the sun—?*
 Yes, he return'd, thousands instead of one, 60 }
 To whom content is utterly unknown.—
Are all the rich men such?—He answer'd, no ;
Marcus hath wealth, and can his wealth bestow
 Up on himself, his friends, and on the poor,
 Enjoys enough, and wishes for no more. 65

Reverse of these, is he who braves the sky,
 Cursing his Maker when he throws the die :
 Gods, devils, furies, hell, heaven, blood and wounds,
 Promiscuous fly in bursts of tainted sounds :
 He to perdition doth his soul bequeath, 70
 Yet inly trembles when he thinks of death.
 Except at game, he ne'er employs his thought
 'Till his'd and pointed at,—not worth a groat.
 The desp'rate remnant of a large estate
 Goes at one throw, and points his gloomy fate ; 75 }
 He finds his folly now, but finds too late.
 Ill brooks my fondling master to be poor,
 Bred up to nought but bottle, game, and whore.
 How pitiful he looks without his rent !
 They who fly virtue, ever fly content. 80

Now I beheld the sage look'd less severe,
 Whilst pity join'd his old satyrick lear.

The

The weakly mind, said he, is quickly torn,
 Men are not gods, some frailties must be born :
 Heaven's bounteous hand all in their turn abuse, 85 }
 The happiest men at times their fate refuse, }
 Befool themselves,—and trump up an excuse.

Is *Lucius* but a subaltern of foot ?
 His equal *Gallus* is a coronet.

Sterilla shuns a gossiping, and why ? 90
 The teeming mother fills her with envy.
 The pregnant matron's grief as much prevails,
 Some of the children always something ails :
 One boy is sick, t'other has broke his head,
 And nurse is blam'd when little miss is dead. 95

A dutchess on a velvet couch reclin'd,
 Blabs her fair cheeks till she is almost blind ;
 Poor *Phil's* death the briny pearls demands,
 Who ceases now to snarl and lick her hands.

The politicians, who in learn'd debates, 100 }
 With penetration carve out kingdoms fates, }
 Look sour, drink coffee, shrug, and read gazettes : }
 Deep sunk in craft of state their souls are lost,
 And all their hopes depend upon the post : 104
 Each mail that's due they curse the contrair wind,
 'Tis strange if this way men contentment find.
 Tho' old, their humours I am yet to learn,
 Who vex themselves in what they've no concern.

Ninny the glaring fop, who always runs 109
 In tradesmen's books, which makes the careful duns
 Often ere ten to break his slumbering rest :
 Whilst with their craving clamours he's oppress,
 He

He frames excuses 'till his cranny akes,
 Then thinks he justly damns the curst snakes.
 The disappointed dun with as much ire, 115
 Both threats and curses till his breast's on fire;
 Then home he goes, and pours it on his house,
 His servants suffer oft, and oft his spouse.

Some groan thro' life amidst a heap of cares,
 To load with too much wealth their lazy heirs: 120
 The lazy heir turns all to ridicule,
 And all his life proclaims his father fool.
 He toils in spending—Leaves a thread-bare son,
 To scrape anew, as had his grandfire done.

How is the fair *Myrtilla's* bosom fir'd, 125
 If *Leda's* fable locks are more admir'd;
 While *Leda* does her secret sighs discharge,
 Because her mouth's a straw-breadth, ah! too large.

Thus sung the fire, and left me to evite
 The scorching beams in some cool green retreat;
 Where gentle slumber seiz'd my weary'd brain,
 And mimick fancy op'd the following scene.

Methought I stood upon a rising ground,
 A splendid landskip open'd all around, 134
 Rocks, rivers, meadows, gardens, parks and woods,
 And domes, which hid their turrets in the clouds;
 To me approach'd a nymph divinely fair,
 Celestial virtue shone through all her air:
 A nymph for grace, her wisdom more renown'd
 Adorn'd each grace, and both true valour crown'd.
 Around her heav'nly smiles a helmet blaz'd, 141
 And graceful as she mov'd, a spear she gently rais'd.
 My sight at first the lustre scarce cou'd bear,
 Her dazzling glories shone so strong and clear:

A majesty sublime, with all that's sweet, 145
 Did adoration claim, and love invite.
 I felt her wisdom's charm my thoughts inspire,
 Her dauntless courage set my soul on fire.
 The maid, when thus I knew, I soon address,
 My present wishful thoughts the theme suggest :
 ' Of all th' ethereal powers thou noblest maid,
 ' To human weakness lend'st the readiest aid :
 ' To where content and her blest train reside,
 ' Immortal *Pallas*, deign to be my guide.' 154
 With my request well pleas'd, our course we bent,
 To find the habitation of content.

Thro' fierce *Bellona's* tents we first advanc'd,
 Where cannons bounc'd and nervous horses pranc'd :
 Here *Vi & Armis* sat with dreadful awe
 And daring front, to prop each nation's law ; 160
 Attending squadrons on her motions wait,
 Array'd in deaths, and fearless of their fate.
 Here chieftain souls glow'd with as great a fire,
 As his who made the world but one empire.
 Even in low ranks brave spirits might be found, 165
 Who wanted nought of monarchs but a crown.
 But ah ! ambition flood a foe to peace,
 Shaking the empty sob and ragged fleece ;
 Which were more hideous to these sons of war,
 Than brimstone, sinoak, and storms of bullets are.
 Here, said my guide, content is rarely found,
 Where blood and noisy jars beset the ground.

Trade's wealthy ware-house next fell in our way,
 Where in great bales part of each nation lay,
 The *Spanish* citron, and *Hesperia's* oil, 175
Persia's soft product, and the *Chinese* toil ;

Warm

Warm *Borneo's* spices, *Arab's* scented gum,
 The *Polish* amber, and the *Saxon* mum,
 The *Orient* pearl, *Holland's* lace and toys,
 And tinsy work, which the fair nun employs. 180
 From *India* ivory, and the clouded cane,
 And cochineal from straits of *Magellan*.
 The *Scandinavian* rosin, hemp and tar,
 The *Lapland* furs, and *Russian* caviare,
 The *Gall-ck* punchion charg'd with ruby juice, 185
 Which makes the hearts of gods and men rejoice.
Britannia here pours from her plenteous horn,
 Her shining mirrors, clock-work, cloaths and corn.
 Here *Cent. per Cents.* sat poring o'er their books,
 While many shew'd the bankrupts in their looks, 190
 Who by mismanagement their stock had spent,
 Curs'd these hard times, and blam'd the government.
 The missive letter, and peremptor bill,
 Forbade them rest, and call'd forth all their skill.
 Uncertain credit bore the sceptre here, 195
 And her prime ministers were hope and fear.
 The surly chufs demanded what we sought,
 Content, said I, may she with gold be bought?
 Content! said one, then star'd and bit his thumb,
 And leering ask'd, if I was worth a plum. 200

Love's fragrant fields, where mildest western gales,
 Loaden with sweets, perfume the hills and dales;
 Where longing lovers haunt the streams and glades,
 And cooling groves, whose verdure never fades;
 Thither with joy and hasty steps we strode, 205
 There sure I thought our long'd-for bliss abode.
 Whom first we met on that enchanted plain,
 Was a tall yellow-hair'd young pensive swain;

200. Worth a plum.) 100,000 Pounds.

Him

Him I addrest,—‘ O youth, what heavenly power
 ‘ Commands and graces yon *Elysian* bower? 210
 ‘ Sure ’tis content, else much I am deceiv’d.’
 The shepherd sigh’d, and told me that I rav’d.
 Rare she appears, unless on some fine day
 She grace a nuptial, but soon hastes away :
 If her you seek, soon hence you must remove, 215
 Her presence is precarious in love.

Thro’ these and other shrines we wander’d long,
 Which merit no description in my song :
 ‘Till at the last, methought we cast our eye
 Upon an antique temple, square and high, 220 }
 Its area wide, its spire did pierce the sky ;
 On adamantine *Doric* pillars rear’d,
 Strong *Gothick* work the massy pile appear’d :
 Nothing seem’d little, all was great design’d,
 Which pleas’d the eye at once, and fill’d the mind.
 Whilst wonder did my curious thoughts engage,
 To us approach’d a studious rev’rend sage :
 Both awe and kindness his grave aspect bore,
 Which spoke him rich with wisdom’s finest store.
 He ask’d our errand there,—Straight I reply’d. 230
 ‘ Content ; in these high towers does she reside ?’
 Not far from hence, said he, her palace stands,
 Ours she regards, as we do her demands ;
 Philosophy sustains her peaceful sway,
 And in return she feasts us every day. 235
 Then straight an antient telescope he brought,
 By *Socrates* and *Epictetus* wrought,
 Improved since, made easier to the sight,
 Lengthen’d the tube, the glasses ground more bright :
 Through this he shew’d a hill, whose lofty brow 240
 Enjoy’d the sun, while vapours all below,

In

In pitchy clouds, encircled it around,
Where phantoms of most horrid forms abound;
The ugly brood of lazy spleen and fear,
Frightful in shape, most monstrous appear. 245
Then thus my guide, ———

Your way lies through yon gloom, be not aghast,
Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past :
Mere empty spectres, harmless as the air,
Which merit not your notice, less your care. 250
Encourag'd with her word, I thus address
My noble guide, and grateful joy express.

• O sacred wisdom ! thine's the source of light,
• Without thy blaze the world wou'd grope in night;
• Of woe and bliss thou only art the test, 255
• Falshood and truth before thee stand confess:
• Thou mak'st a double life; one nature gave,
• But without thine, what is it mortals have:
• A breathing motion grazing to the grave. }

Now thro' the damps methought we boldly went,
Smiling at all the grins of discontent :
'Tho' oft pull'd back, the rising ground we gain'd,
Whilst inward joy my weary'd limbs sustain'd.
Arriv'd the height, whose top was large and plain,
And what appear'd soon recompens'd my pain, 265
Nature's whole beauty deck'd th' enamel'd scene. }

Amidst the glade the sacred palace stood,
The architecture not so fine as good ;
Nor scrimp, nor gousty, regular and plain,
Plain were the columns which the roof sustain : 270
An easy greatness in the whole was found,
Where all that nature wanted did abound.
But here no beds are screen'd with rich brocade,
Nor fewel-logs in silver grates are laid :

No broken *China*-bowls disturb the joy 275
 Of waiting handmaid, or the running boy ;
 Nor in the cupboard heaps of plate are rang'd,
 To be with each splenetick fashion chang'd.

A weather-beaten sentry watch'd the gate,
 Of temper cross, and practis'd in bebate : 280
 'Till once acquaint with him, no entry here,
 Tho' brave as *Casar*, or as *Helen* fair :
 To strangers fierce, but with familiars tame,
 And *Touchstone Disappointment* was his name.

This fair inscription shone above the gate, 285
Fear none but him whose Will directs thy Fate.
 With smile austere he lifted up his head,
 Pointed the characters, and bid us read.
 We did, and stood resolv'd. The gates at last
 Op'd of their own accord, and in we past. 290

Each day a herald, by the queen's command,
 Was order'd on a mount to take his stand,
 And thence to all the earth this offer make,
 ' Who are inclin'd her favours to partake,
 ' Shall have them free, if they small rubs can bear
 ' Of disappointment, spleen and bug-bear fear.'

Rais'd on a throne within the outer gate,
 The goddess sat, her vot'ries round her wait :
 The beautiful divinity disclos'd
 Sweetness sublime, which roughest cares compos'd :
 Her looks sedate, yet joyful and serene, 301
 Not rich in drefs, but suitable and clean :
 Unfurrow'd was her brow, her cheeks were smooth,
 Tho' old as time, enjoy'd immortal youth ;

And

And all her accents so harmonious flow'd, 305
 That every list'ning ear with pleasure glow'd.
 An olive garland on her head she wore,
 And her right hand a *Cornucopia* bore.
 Cross *Touchstone* fill'd a bench without the door,
 To try the *Sterling* of each human ore : 310
 Grim judge he was, and them away he sent,
 Unfit t' approach the shrine of calm content.

To him a hoary dotard load with bags :
 Unweildly load ! to one who hardly drags
 His being.—More than seventy years, said he, 315
 I've fought this court, 'till now unfound by me :
 Now let me rest.—' Yes, if ye want no more ;
 ' But ere the sun has made his annual tour,
 ' Know, grov'ling wretch, thy wealth's without }
 ' thy pow'r.'

The thoughts of death, and ceasing from his gain,
 Brought on the old man's head so sharp a pain, 321
 Which dim'd his optick nerves, and with the light
 He lost the palace, and crawl'd back to night.

Poor griping thing, how uselefs is thy breath,
 While nothing's so much long'd for as thy death ?
 How meanly hast thou spent thy lease of years ?
 A slave to poverty, to toils and fears ;
 And all to vie with some black rugged hill,
 Whose rich contents millions of chests can fill.
 As round the greedy rock clings to the mine, 330
 And hinders it in open day to shine,
 'Till diggers hew it from the spar's embrace,
 Making it circle, stamp'd with *Cæsar's* face ;
 So dost thou hoard, and from thy prince purloin
 His useful image, and thy country coin, 335

'Till gaping heirs have free'd th' imprison'd slave,
When to their comfort thou hast fill'd a grave.

The next, who with a janty air approach'd,
Was a gay youth, who thither had been coach'd :
Sleek were his *Flanders* mares, his liv'ries fine, 340
With glittering gold his furniture did shine.
Sure such methought may enter when they please,
Who have all these appearances of ease.
Strutting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd,
Attempt' to pass, but found himself deceiv'd : 345
Old *Touchstone* gave him on the breast a box,
Which op'd the sluices of a latent pox ;
Then bid his equipage in haste depart.
The youth look'd at them with a fainting heart ;
He found he cou'd not walk, and bid them stay, 350
Swore three cramp oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

The pow'r express'd himself thus with a smile,
• These changing shadows are not worth our
• while ;
• With smallest trifles oft their peace is torn,
• If here at night, they rarely wait the morn.' 355

Another beau as fine, but more vivace,
Whose airs fat round him with an easy grace,
And well-bred motion, came up to the gate,
I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his fate.
The sentry broke his clouded cane—he smil'd, 360
Got fairly in, and all our fears beguil'd.
The cane was soon renew'd which had been broke,
And thus the Virtue to the circle spoke ;
• Each thing magnificent or gay we grant,
• To them who're capable to bear their want.' 365

C O N T E N T. 101

Two handsome toasts came next; them well I
knew,

Their lovely make the court's observance drew;

Three waiting-maids attended in the rear,

Each loaden with as much as she cou'd bear:

One mov'd beneath a load of silks and lace, 370

Another bore the offsets of the face;

But the most bulky burden of the three,

Was her's who bore the utensils of *Bohea*.

My mind indulgent in their favour pled,

Hoping no opposition would be made: 375

So mannerly, so smooth, so mild their eye,

Enough almost to give content envy.

But soon I found my error; the bold judge,

Who acted as if prompted by some grudge,

Them thus saluted with a hollow tone, 380

'You're none of my acquaintance, get you gone;

'What loads of trump'ry these?—ha, where's my
'cross?

'I'll try if these be solid ware or boss;

The *China* felt the fury of his blow,

And lost a being, or for use or show; 385

For use or show no more's each plate or cup,

But all in shreds upon the threshold drop.

Now every charm which deck'd their face before,

Give place to rage, and beauty is no more.

The briny stream their rosy cheeks besmear'd, 390

Whilst they in clouds of vapours disappear'd.

A rustick hind, attir'd in home-spun grey,

With forked locks, and shoes bedaub'd with clay;

Palms shod with horn, his front fresh, brown and
broad,

With legs and shoulders fitted for a load; 395

He 'midst ten bawling children laugh'd and sung,

While comfort hobnails on the pavement rung:

H 3 Up

Up to the porter unconcern'd he came,
 Forcing along his offspring and their dame.
 Cross *Touchstone* strove to stop him, but the clown 400
 At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down;
 And spite of him, into the palace went,
 Where he was kindly welcom'd by Content.

Two *Buſſian* philoſophs put in their claims,
Gamaliel and *Critis* were their names; 405
 But ſoon's they had our *Britiſh* *Homer* ſeen,
 With face unruff'd waiting on the queen,
 Envious hate their ſurly boſoms fir'd,
 Their colour chang'd, they from the porch retir'd:
 Backward they went, reflecting with much rage 410
 On the bad taſte and humour of the age,
 Which paid ſo much reſpect to nat'ral parts,
 While they were ſtarving graduates of arts.
 The goddeſs ſell a laughing at the fools,
 And ſent them packing to their grammar-ſchools;
 Or in ſome garret elevate to dwell, 416
 There with *Sifyphian* toil to teach young *Beauſ* to ſpell.

Now all this while a gale of eaſtern wind,
 And cloudy ſkies oppreſs the human mind;
 The wind ſet weſt, back'd with the radiant beams,
 Which warm'd the air, and danc'd upon the ſtreams,
 Exhal'd the ſpleen, and ſooth'd a world of ſouls,
 Who crowd'd now the avenue in ſhoals.
 Numbers in black, of widowers, relictſ, heirs,
 Of new-wed lovers many handſome pairs; 425
 Men landed from abroad, from camps and ſeas;
 Others got through ſome dangerous diſeaſe:
 A train of *Belles* adorn'd with ſomething new,
 And even of ancient prudes there were a few,
 Who were reſreſh'd with ſcandal and with tea, 430
 Which for a ſpace ſet them from vapours free.

Here

Here from their cups the lower species flockt,
And knaves with bribes and cheating methods flockt.

The pow'r survey'd the troop, and gave command
They should no longer in the entry stand, 435
But be convey'd into *Chimera's* tower,
There to attend her pleasure for an hour.

Soon as they enter'd, apprehension shook
The fabrick: fear was fixt on every look;
Old age and poverty, disease, disgrace, 440
With horrid grin, star'd full in every face,
Which made them, trembling at their unknown fate,
Issue in haste out by the postern-gate.

None waited out their hour but only two,
Who had been wedded fifteen years ago. 445
The man had learn'd the world, and fixt his mind;
His spouse was chearful, beautiful and kind:
She neither fear'd the shock, nor phantom's stare:
She thought her husband wife, and knew that he
was there.

Now while the court was sitting, my fair guide 450
Into a fine *Elysium* me convey'd;
I saw, or thought I saw, the spacious fields
Adorn'd with all prolifick nature yields,
Profusely rich, with her most valu'd store:
But as m' enchanted fancy wander'd o'er 455
The happy plain, new beauties seem'd to rise,
The fields were fled, and all was painted skies.
Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former scene;
Straight all return'd, and eas'd me of my pain.
Again the flow'ry meadows disappear, 460
And hills and groves their stately summits rear;

These sink again, and rapid rivers flow,
Next from the rivers cities seem to grow.

Sometime the fleeting scene I had forgot,
In busy thought entranc'd, with pain I fought 465
To know the hidden charms; straight all was fled,
And boundless heav'ns o'er boundless ocean spread;
Impatient I obtest my noble guide,
Reveal this wond'rous secret, the reply'd.

We carried on what greatly we design'd, 470
When all these human follies you resign'd,
Ambition, lux'ry, and a cov'rous mind:
Yet think not true content can thus be bought,
There's wanting still a train of virtuous thought.

When me your leader prudently you chose, 475
And list'ning to my council, did refuse
Fantastick joys, your soul was thus prepar'd
For true content; and thus I do reward
Your gen'rous toil. Observe this wond'rous elime;
Of nature's blessings here are hid the prime: 480
But wise and virtuous thought in constant course,
Must draw these beauties from their hidden source;
The smallest intermissions will transform
The pleasant scene, and spoil each perfect charm.
'Tis ugly vice will rob you of content, 485
And to your view all hellish woes present.
Nor grudge the care in virtue you employ,
Your present toil will prove your future joy.
Then smil'd the heavenly sweet, and parting said,
Hold fast your virtuous mind, of nothing be afraid.

A while the charming voice so fill'd my ears,
I giv'd the divine form no more appears.

Then

C O N T E N T. 105

Then to confirm my yet unsteady mind,
 Under a lonely shadow I reclin'd,
 To try the virtues of the clime I fought; 495
 Then straight call'd up a train of hideous thought,
 Famine, and blood, and pestilence appear,
 Wild shrieks and loud laments disturb mine ear;
 New woes and horrors did my sight alarm:
 Envy and hate compos'd the wretched charm. 500

Soon as I saw, I dropt the hateful view,
 And thus I fought past pleasures to renew.
 To heav'nly love my thoughts I next compose,
 Then quick as thought the following sights disclose:
 Streams, meadows, grotto's, groves, birds carolling,
 Calmness, and temp'rate warmth, and endless
 spring;
 A perfect transcript of these upper bowers,
 The habitation of th' immortal powers.

Back to the palace ravished I went,
 Resolved to reside with blest Content, 510
 Where all my special friends methought I met,
 In order 'mongst the best of mankind set:
 My soul with too much pleasure overcharg'd,
 The captiv'd senses to their post enlarg'd,
 Lifting mine eyes I view'd declining day, 515
 Sprang from the green, and homeward bent my
 way,
 Reflecting on that hurry, pain and strife,
 Which flow from false and real ills of life.

R I C H T

*RICHY and SANDY, a Pastoral on the
Death of JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;*

R I C H Y.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear *Sandy*, say?
Chear up, dull fallow, take thy reed and play
My Apron Deary,—or some wanton tune:
Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

S A N D Y.

Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane, 5
This aught days twice o'r tell'd I'll whistle nane.

R I C H Y.

Wow man, that's unco' sad,——Is that ye'r jo
Has ta'en the strunt?—Or has some bogle-bo
Glowrin

*An Explanation of Richy and Sandy, by Josiah
Burchet, Esq;*

R I C H Y.

WHAT makes thee look so sad? dear *Sandy*, say,
Rouse up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play:
A merry jig, or try some other art,
To raise thy spirits, and cheer up thy heart.

S A N D Y.

No, no, it will not do! leave me to moan,
'Till twice eight days are past I'll whistle none.

R I C H Y.

That's strange, indeed! has *Jenny* made the sad?
Or tell me, hath some horrid spectre, lad,

(*Richy and Sandy.*) Sir Richard Steel and Mr. Alexander
Pope.

(Glaring

RICHY and SANDY. 107

Glowrin frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg?
Or has some dawted wedder broke his leg? 10

SANDY.

Nothing like that, sic troubles eith were born,
What's bogles, wedders, or what *Manfy's* scorn?
Our loss is meikle mair, and past remeed,
Edie, that play'd, and sang sae sweet, is dead.

RICHY.

Dead, say'ft thou; oh! had up my heart, O *Pan*!
Ye gods; what laids ye lay on feckless man! 16
Alake therefore I canna wyt ye'r wae,
I'll bear ye company for year and day.
A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,
Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent: 20
Blyth at the bought how aft ha' we three been,
Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

SANDY.

EXPLANATION.

(Glaring from ruins old, in silent night)
Surpriz'd, and put thee in a panic fright?
Or ails that wedder ought, thy favourite?

}

SANDY.

Such troubles might with much more ease be born:
What's goblins, wedders, or what's woman's scorn?
Our loss is greater far; for *Addy's* dead,
Addy, who sung so sweetly on the mead.

RICHY.

Dead is he, say'ft thou? guard my heart, oh *Pan*!
What burthens, gods, ye lay on feeble man!
Alack I cannot blame thee for thy grief;
Nor hope I, more than thou, to find relief.
A better lad ne'er lean'd or shepherd's crook,
Nor after game halloo'd his dog to look.
How glad where ews give milk have we three been,
Merry on hills, and gay upon the green!

SANDY.

S A N D Y.

That's true indeed! but now thae days are gane,
 And with him a' that's pleasant on the plain.
 A summer-day I never thought it lang 25
 To hear him make a roundel or a sang.
 How sweet he sung where vines and myrtles grow,
 Of wimpling waters which in *Latium* flow.
Titry the *Mantuan* herd wha lang finfyne
 Best sung on aeten reed the lover's pine, 30
 Had he been to the fore now in our days,
 Wi' *Edie* he had frankly dealt his bays.
 As lang's the world shall *Amaryllis* ken,
 His *Rosamond* shall eccho thro' the glen;
 While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows, 35
 Or wand'ring lambs rin bleeting after ewes,
 His fame shall last: last shall his sang of weirs,
 While *British* bairns brag of their bauld forbears.

We'll

E X P L A N A T I O N.

S A N D Y.

That's true indeed; but now, alas! in vain
 We seek for pleasure on the rural plain:
 I never thought a summer's day too long
 To hear his couplets, or his tuneful song.
 How sweet he sang where vines and myrtles grow,
 And winding streams which in old *Latium* flow!
Titry, the *Mantuan* herd, who long ago
 Sang best on oaten reed the lover's woe,
 Did he, sam'd bar'd, but live in these our days,
 He would with *Addy* freely share his bays.
 As long as shepherds *Amaryllis* hear,
 So long his *Rosamond* shall please the ear.
 While spangled daisy near the riv'let grows,
 And tender lambs seek after bleating ewes,
 His fame shall last. Last shall his song of wars,
 While *British* youngsters boast of ancestors.

27. How sweet.) His poetick epistle from Italy to the Earl
 Hallifax.

34. *Rosamond*.) An opera wrote by him.

37. Sang of weirs.) His Campaign; an heroick poem.

Much

We'll mickle miss his blyth and witty jest
At spaining time, or at our *Lambmas* feast. 40
O, *Richy*, but 'tis hard that death ay reaves
Away the best fowck, and the ill anes leaves.
Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye'r springs,
Upon ye'r edge na mair the shepherd sings.

RICHY.

Then he had ay a good advice to gi'e, 45
And kend my thoughts amaisht as well as me;
Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins sow'r,
He wad have made me blyth in haff an hour.
Had *Rosie* ta'en the dorts,—or had the tod
Worry'd my lamb,—or were my feet ill-shod, 50
Kindly he'd laugh when sae he saw me dwine,
And tauk of happiness like a divine.
Of ilka thing he had an unco' skill,
He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill.

He

EXPLANATION.

Much shall we miss his merry witty jests,
At weaning times, and at our *Lambmas* feasts.
Oh *Richy*! *Richy*! death hath been unkind
To take the good, and leave the ill behind.
Bow down your heads, ye hills, weep dry your springs,
For on your banks no more the shepherd sings.

RICHY.

Then he had always good advice to give,
And could my thoughts, like as myself, conceive.
When I've been drooping, vex'd, or in the spleen,
In one half hour with him I've merry been,
Had *Jenny* froward been, or *Reynard* bold
Worry'd my lamb, or were my shoes grown old;
Kindly he'd smile, when he observ'd me grieve,
And by his talk divine my breast relieve.
Addy did all things to perfection know;
Saw by the moon how tides wou'd ebb or flow.

He

110 RICHY and SANDY.

He kend, what kend he no? e'en to a hair 55
 He'd tell o'er night gin neist day wad be fair.
 Blind *John*, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
 How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise;
 Mony a time beneath the auld birk-tree,
 What's bonny in that sang he loot me see. 60
 The lasses aft flang down their rakes and pales,
 And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales.

S A N D Y.

Sound be his sleep, and fast his wak'ning be,
 He's in a better case than thee or me;
 He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en 65
 Their ain but back,—he was a borrow'd len;
 Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,
 Then may we yet forgether 'boon the list.
 But see the sheep are wyfing to the cleugh;
Thomas has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh; 70

Maggy

E X P L A N A T I O N.

He knew, what knew he not? e'en to a hair
 He'd tell o'er night if next day would be fair.
 The fam'd blind bard sung in mysterious phrase
 How envious Satan did first mischief raise;
 But oft beneath the well-spread birchen-tree
 The beauties of that song he made me see.
 The lasses oft flung down their rakes and pails,
 And held their tongues, oh strange! to hear his tales.

S A N D Y.

Sound be his sleep, and soft his waking be;
 More happy is he far than thee or me:
 Too good he was for us; the gods but lent
 Him here below, when hither he was sent.
 Let us be good, if virtue be our aim,
 Then we may meet above the skies again.
 But see how tow'rs the glade the fatlings go;
Thomas hath ta'en the oxen from the plough;

57. Blind *John*.) The famous *Mr. Milton*, the author of the
 excellent poem on *Paradise Lost*, was blind.

Joan

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY. III

Maggy by this has bewk the supper-scones,
And nuckle kye stand rowting on the loans :
Come, *Richy*, let us truse and hame o'er bend,
And make the best of what we canna mend.

EXPLANATION.

Joan hath prepar'd the supper 'gainst we come,
And late calf'd cows stand lowing near their home :
Then let's have done, and to our rest repair,
And what we cannot help, with patience bear.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY, on his
Richy and Sandy.

By Mr. BURCHET.

WELL fare thee, *Allan*, who in mother tongue
So sweetly hath of breathless *Addy* sung.
His endless fame thy nat'ral genius fir'd,
And thou hast written as if he inspir'd.
Richy and Sandy, who do him survive, 5
Long as thy rural stanza's last, shall live.
The grateful swains thou'lt made, in tuneful verse,
Mourn sadly o'er their late—lost patron's hearse.
Nor would the *Mantuan* bard, if living, blame
Thy pious zeal, or think thou'lt hurt his fame, 10
Since *Addison's* inimitable lays
Give him an equal title to the bays.
When he of armies sung, in lofty strains,
It seem'd is if he in the hostile plains
Had present been. His pen hath to the life, 15
Trac'd ev'ry action in the sanguine strife.
In council now sedate the chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in *Bavarian* ears ;

And

112 To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

And still pursuing the destructive theme,
He pushes them into the rapid stream. 20
Thus beaten out of *Blenheim's* neighbouring fields,
The *Gallie* gen'ral to the victor yields,
Who, as *Britannia's* *Virgil* hath observ'd,
From threaten'd fate all *Europe* then preserv'd.

Nor dost thou, *Ramsay*, sightless *Milton* wrong,
By ought contain'd in thy melodious song: 26
For none but *Addy* could his thoughts sublime
So well unriddle, or his mystick rhyme.
And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove
Where sun-burnt shepherds to the nymphs make love,
No one e'er told in softer notes the tales
Of rural pleasures in the spangled vales.

So much, Oh *Allan*! I thy lines revere,
Such veneration to his mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my thanks refrain 35
For what thou'lt sung of the lamented swain.

To JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq;

THirking for fame, at the *Pierian* spring
The poet takes a waught, then seys to sing
Nature, and with the tentiest view to hit
Her bonny side with bauldest turns of wit.
Streams slide in verse, in verse the mountains rise, 5
When earth turns toom he rummages the skies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of rest,
Doups down to visit ilka laigh-land ghaist.
O hartsome labour! wordy time and pains,
That, frae the best, esteem and friendship gains. 10
Be

To JOSIAH BURGHET, *Esq*; 113

Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike
Stock-job the world among them as they like.

In blyth braid *Scots* allow me, fir, to shaw
My gratitude, but fleetching or a flaw.
May rowth o' pleasures light upon ye lang, 15 }
'Till to the blest *Elysian* bowers ye gang;
Wha've clapt my head sac brawly for my sang. }
When honour'd *Burchet* and his maiks are pleas'd
With my corn-pipe, up to the starns I'm heez'd;
Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time, 20
And view the world delighted wi' my rhyme.
'That when the pride of sprush new words are laid,
I like the *Classic* authors shall be read.
Stand yont, proud *Czar*, I wadna niffer fame
With thee, for a' thy furs and paughty name. 25

If sic great ferlies, fir, my muse can do, }
As spin a three-plait praise where it is due, }
Frae me there's nane deserves it mair than you. }
Frae me! frae ilky ane; for sure a breast
Sae gen'rous is of a' that's good posselt. 30
'Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weell,
And aft in sparkling claret drink your heal:
Minding the mem'ry of the great and good
Sweet *Addison*, the wale of human blood,
Wha fell, (as *Horace* anes said to his Billy) 35
Nulli febilior quam tibi Virgili.

S I R,

Yours, &c.

AL. RAMSAY.

†4. But fleetching.) *But* is frequently used for *without*, i. e. without flatt'ring.

VOL. I.

I

Fami-

Familiar Epistles between Lieutenant WILLIAM HAMILTON and ALLAN RAMSAY.

EPISTLE I.

GILBERTFIELD, *June 26th, 1719.*

O Fam'd and celebrated ALLAN !
Renowned RAMSAY, canty callan,
There's nowther highlandman nor lawlan,
In poetrie,
But may as soon ding down *Tamtallan* 4
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
When frae *Parnassus* thou didst thunder,
Wi' wit and skill,
Wherefore I'll soberly knock under, 8
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence
Thou has suck'd up, lest nae excreffence
To petty poets, or sic messens,
Tho' round thy stool,
They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons 12
At *Ramsay's* school.

Tho' *Ben* and *Dryden* of renown
Were yet alive in *London* town,

4. *Tamtallon.*) An old fortification upon the firth of Forth
in East Lothain.

13. *Tho' Ben.*) The celebrated *Ben Johnson*.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 115

Like kings contending for a crown ;
 'Twad be a pingle,
 Whilk o' you three wad gar words sound 16
 And best to gingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
 Wer't in my pow'r but I'd create
 Thee upo' fight the laureat
 Of this our age,
 Since thou may'st fairly claim to that 20
 As thy just wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
 Gin they respect not *Ramsay's* name,
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
 To their great loss ;
 And sent them a' right sneaking hame 24
 Be weeping cros.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be warry,
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
 When thou consults thy dictionary
 Of ancient words,
 Which come from thy poetick quarry, 28
 As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
 And be as light as *Aristotle*,
 At *Ed'nburgh* we sall ha'e a bottle
 Of reaming claret,

29. Laureat.)

Scots *Ramsay* prefs'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,
 He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it :
 But risit *Apollo*, and cry'd, Peace there, old stile,
 Your wit is obscure to one half of the Isle.

B. Sess. of Poets.

I

Gin

116 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Gin that my haff-pay filler shottle 32
Can safely spare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
Whilk aften does our spirits drain
Of true content ;
Woy, woy ! but we's be wonder fain, 36
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a lasting league,
Free of all aspect or intrigue,
And gin-you please it,
Like princes when met at the *Hague*, 40
We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this and look upon it
With favour, tho' poor I have done it ;
Sae I conclude and end my sonnet,
Who am most fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet, 44
Yours—wanton *Willy*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

BY this my postscript I incline
To let you ken my hail design
Of sic a lang imperfect line,
Lyes in this sentence,

32. Haff-pay.) He held his commission honourably in my
Lord Hyndford's regiment.

And may the stars wha shine aboon
With honour notice real merit,
Be to my friend auspicious soon,
And cherish ay sae fine a spirit.

To

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 117

To cultivate my dull ingine 48
By your acquaintance.

Your answer therefore I expect,
And to your friend you may direct
At *Gilbertfield*, do not neglect
When you have leisure,
Which I'll embrace with great respect 52
And perfect pleasure.

A N S W E R I.

EDINBURGH, *July 10th, 1719.*

SONSE fa me, witty, wanton *Willy*,
Gin blyth I was na as a filly ;
Not a fow pint, nor short hought gilly,
Or wine that's better,
Cou'd please fae meikle, my dear *Billy*, 4
As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
In goffy *Don's* be candle-light,
There first I saw't, and ca'd it right,
And the maist feck
Wha's seen't sinfyne, they ca'd as tight 8
As that on *Heck*.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna say
But I may cock my nose the day,
When *Hamilton* the bauld and gay
Lends me a heezy.

51. *Gilbertfield*,) Nigh *Glasgow*.

118 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

In verse that slides sae smoooth away, 12
Well tell'd and easy.

Sae roos'd by ane of well kend mettlè,
Nae sma did my ambition pettle,
My canker'd criticks it will nettle,
And e'en sae be't :
This month I'm sure I winna fettle, 16
Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse,
And cou'd your *Ardry Whins* rehearse,
Where *Bonny Heck* ran fast and fierce,
It warm'd my breast ;
Then emulation did me pierce, 20
Whilk since ne'er ceast,

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
Gin of your numbers I think little ;
Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
But blyth and gabby,
And hit the spirit to a tittle, 24
Of standart *Habby*.

Ye'll quat your quill ! that were ill-willy,
Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
And gar ye four,
Then up and war them a' yet, *Willy*, 28
Tis in your power.

18. *Ardry Whins*.) The last words of *Bonny Heck*, of which he was author.

24. *Standart Habby*.) The elegy on *Habby Simpson*, piper of *Kilbarchan*, a finish'd piece of its kind.

To

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 119

To knit up dollers in a clout,
 And then to eard them round about,
 Syne to tell up, they downa lout
 To lift the gear;
 The malison lights on that rout, 32
 Is plain and clear.

The chiefs of *London, Cam, and Ox,*
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetick stocks
 Of *Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks and Locks,*
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters. This provokes 36
 Me to reflect

On the lear'd days of *Gawn Dunkell;*
 Our country then a tale cou'd tell,
Europe had nae mair snack and snell
 At verse or prose;
 Our kings were poets too themself, 40
 Bauld and jocose.

To *Ed'nburgh,* fir, when e'er ye come,
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
 Were't frae the gill-bells to the drum,
 And take a bout,
 And faith I hope we'll no sit dumb, 44
 Nor yet cast out.

37. *Gawn Dunkell.*) *Gawn Douglass*, brother to the earl of *Angus*, bishop of *Dunkell*, who, besides several original poems, hath left a most excellent translation of *Virgil's Æneis*.

40. *Our kings.*) *James* the first and fifth.

43. *Frae the gill-bells.*) From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the musick-bells begin to play, frequently call'd the gill-bells, from peoples taking a wheting dram at that time; to the drum, ten a-clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn sober folks to call for a bill.

120 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

EPISTLE II.

GILBERTFIELD, *July* 24th, 1719.

Dear RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle ;
O sic a fyke, and sic a fistle

I had about it!

That e'er was knight of the *Scots* thistle 4
Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
How to the Nines they did content me ;
Tho', fir, sae high to compliment me,
Ye might defer'd ;
For had ye but haff well a kent me, 8
Some less wad fer'd.

With joyfou heart beyond expression,
They're safely now in my possession :
O gin I were a winter-session
Near by thy lodging,
I'd clos attend thy new profession, 12
Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there's but few
To vie with *Ramsay* dare avow,
In verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,
And without fleetching,

4. Knight of the *Scots* thistle.) The antient and most noble order of knighthood, erected by king *Achaisus*. The ordinary ensign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green ribband, to which was appended a thistle of gold crown'd with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, ' Nemo me impune laceffet.'

Thou's

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 121

Thou's better at that trade, I trow, 16
Than some's at preaching.

For my part, 'till I'm better leart,
To troke with thee I'd best forbear't ;
For an' the fouk of *Ed'nburgh* hear't,
They'll ca' me daft,
I'm unco' irie and dirt-feart 20
I make wrang waft.

Thy verses nice as ever nicket,
Made me as canty as a cricket ;
I ergh to reply, lest I stick it,
Syne like a coof
I look, or ane whose poutch is picket 24
As bare's my loof.

Heh winsom ! how thy faft sweet stile,
And bonny auld words gar me smile ;
Thou's travell'd sure mony a mile
Wi' charge and cost.
To learn them thus keep rank and file, 28
And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee, honest *Allie*,
I use the freedom so to call thee,
I think them a' sae brae and walie,
And in sic order,
I wad nae care to be thy vallie, 32
Or thy recorder.

Has thou with *Rosicrucians* wandert ?
Or thro' some doncie desart dandert ?

16. Than some's at preaching.) This compliment is entirely free of the fulsome hyperbole.

33. Rosicrucians.) A people deeply learned in the occult sciences, who conversed with aerial beings. Gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or so.

That

That with thy magick, town and landart,
For ought I fee,
Maun a' come truckle to thy standart.
Of poetrie. 36

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
As if I charg'd thee with black art;
*Tis thy good genius still alert,
That does inspire
Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart, 40
To thy desire.

E'n mony a bonny knacky tale,
Brae to set o'er a pint of ale :
For fifty guineas I'll find bail,
 Against a bodle,
That I wad quat ilk day a mail,
 For sic a nodle. 44

And on condition I were as gabby,
As either thee, or honest *Habby*,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet plush,
And then thou'd be sae far frae shabby, 48
Thou'd look right sprufl.

What tho' young empty airy sparks
May have their critical remarks
On thir my blyth diverting warks ;
 'Tis sma presumption
To say they're but unlearned clarks,
 And want the gumption.

52

Let coxcomb criticks get a tether
To ty up a' their lang loose lether ;

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 123

If they and I chance to forgether,
 The tane may rue it,
 For an' they winna had their blether, 56
 They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
 In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I;
 Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
 And ca' them skellums,
 I'm sure thou needs set little by 60
 To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm fae bleirt and doited,
 That when I raise, in troth I stoited;
 I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,
 For wi' a gird,
 Upon my bum I fairly cloited 64
 On the cald eard.

Which did oblige a little duple
 Upon my doup, close by my rumple:
 But had ye seen how I did trumple,
 Ye'd split your side,
 Wi' mony a long and weary wimple, 68
 Like trough of Clyde.

A N S W E R II.

EDINBURGH, *August* 4th, 1719.

DEAR *Hamilton*, ye'll turn me dyver,
 My muse fae bonny ye describe her,
 Ye blaw her fae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,
 For wi' a whid,
 Gin ony higher up ye drive her, 4
 She'll rin red-wood.

4. Rin red-wood.) Run distracted.

Said

124 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

- Said I, —— ‘ Whiff, quoth the vouggy jade,
 ‘ *William’s* a wise judicious lad,
 ‘ Has havins mair than e’er ye had,
 ‘ Ill-bred bog-flaker;
 ‘ But me ye ne’er sae crouse had craw’d, 8
 ‘ Ye poor scull-thacker,

 ‘ It sets ye well indeed to gadge!
 ‘ E’er I t’ *Apollo* did ye cadge,
 ‘ And got ye on his honour’s badge,
 ‘ Ungratefou beast,
 ‘ A *Glasgow* capon and a fadge 12
 ‘ Ye thought a feast.

 ‘ Swith to *Castalius’* fountain-brink,
 ‘ Dad down a grouf, and take a drink,
 ‘ Syne whisk out paper, pen and ink,
 ‘ And do my bidding;
 ‘ Be thankfou, else I’se gar ye stink, 16
 ‘ Yet on a midding.’

My mistress dear, your servant humble,
 Said I, I shou’d be laith to drumble

-7. Ill-bred bog-flaker, but me, &c.) The muse not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done, by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanick. Scull-thacker, i. e. thatcher of skulls.

9. It sets ye well indeed to gadge.) Ironically she says, it becomes me mighty well to talk haughtily and affront my benefactress, by alledging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of her solidity.

12. A *Glasgow* capon, &c.) A Herring. A Fadge, a coarse kind of leaven’d bread, used by the common people.

14. Dad down a grouf.) Fall flat on your belly.

Your

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 125

Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble,
 'Tis ne'er be me
 Shall scandalize, or say ye bummil 20
 Ye'r poetrie.

Frae what I've tell'd, my friend may learn
 How sadly I ha'e been forfairn,
 I'd better been a yont side *Kairn-*
amount, I trow ;
 I've kifs'd the taz like a good bairn, 24
 Now, fir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
 Lang may ye help to toom a barrel ;
 Be thy crown ay unclowr'd in quarrel,
 When thou inclines
 To knoit thrawn gabbed fumphs that snarl 28
 At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel says, Ye're well worth gowd,
 And blythness on ye's well bestow'd,
 'Mang witty *Scots* ye'r name's be row'd,
 Ne'r fame to tine ;
 The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd, 32
 But ye shall shine.

Set out the burnt side of your shin,
 For pride in poets is nae fin,

23. *Kairn-amount.*) A noted hill in the north of Scotland.
 24. I've kifs'd the taz.) Kifs'd the rod, own'd my fault like
 a good child.
 32. The crooked clinkers, &c.) The scribbling rhimers,
 with their lame versification. Shall be cow'd, i. e. shorn off.
 33. Set out the burnt side of your shin.) As if one would
 say, Walk stately with your toes out ; an expression used when
 we would bid a person (merrily) look brisk.

Glory's

126 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

Glory's the prize for which they rin,
 And Fame's their jo ;
 And wha blaws best the horn shall win : 36
 And wharefore no ?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain glorious,
 Shaw scanter skill, than *malos mores*,
Multi & magni men before us
 Did stamp and swagger,
Probatum est, exemplum Horace 40
 Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts fash'd wi' spleen,
 Cast up the wrang side of their een,
 Pegh, fry and girn wi' spite and teen,
 And fa a flyting,
 Laugh, for the lively lads will screen 44
 Us frae back-biting.

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,
 And foreign whiskers ha'e na dung us ;
 Gin I can snifter thro' mundungus,
 Wi' boots and belt on,
 I hope to see you at St. Mungo's 48
 Atween and Beltan.

EPISTLE III.

GILBERTFIELD, *August* 24th, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and last essay
 Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,

43. St. Mungo's.) The high church of Glasgow.

Bright

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 127

Bright *Ramsay*, and altho' it may
 Seem doilt and donsie,
 Yet thrice of all things, I heard say 4
 Was ay thought sonsie.

Wharefore I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber,
 'Till I made up that happy number,
 The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber,
 In ev'ry part,
 And snoov't away like three hand umber, 9
 Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date
August the fourth, I grant receipt;
 It was sae bra, gart me look blate,
 'Maist tyne my senses,
 And look just like poor country *Kate* 12
 In Lucky *Spence's*.

I shaw'd it to our parish-priest,
 Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;
 He says, thou may had up thy creest,
 And craw fu' crouse,
 The poets a' to thee's but jest, 16
 Not worth a souce.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
 Of compliments is sae profuse;
 For my good havins dis me roose
 Sae very finely
 It were ill-breeding to refuse 20
 To thank her kindly.

8. Snoov't away.) Whirl'd smoothly round. Snooving al-
 ways expresses the action of a top or spindle, &c.

12. Country *Kate*.) Vide Lucky *Spence's* elegy, line 51.

128 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

What tho' sometimes in angry mood,
When she puts on her barlick-hood,
Her dialect seem rough and rude;
Let's ne'er be flee't,
But take her bit when it is good, 24
And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her banter,
She'll take the flings; verse may grow scanter,
Syn'e wi' great shame
We'll rue the day that we do want her, 28
Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness culzie,
And wi' her never breed a toulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little spulzie,
In sic a barter;
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie, 32
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I scarce dare apen mair,
'Till I take better wi' the lair,
Mypen's fae blunted;
And a' for fear I file the fair, 36
And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink makes me fae dowff,
A' I can do's but bark and yowff;

27. She'll take the flings.) Turn fullen, restive, and kick.

36. For fear I file the fair.) This phrase is used when one attempts to do what's handsome, and is affronted by not doing it right,—not a reasonable fear in him.

37. Dull draff-drink,) Heavy malt-liquor,

Yet

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 129

Yet set me in a claret howf,
 Wi' fowk that's chancy,
 My muse may len me then a gowff 40
 To clear my fancy.

Then *Bacchus* like I'd bawl and bluster,
 And a' the muses 'bout me muster;
 Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,
 And drink the grape,
 'Twad gi' my verse a brighter lustre, 44
 And better shape.

The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious
 To thy atchievements maist delicious,
 Thy poems sweet and nae way vicious,
 But blyth and kanny;
 To see, I'm anxious and ambitious, 48
 Thy miscellany.

A' blessings, *Ramsay*, on thee row,
 Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
 Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
 And thro' thy creed,
 Be keeped frae the wirricow 52
 After thou's dead.

A N S W E R III.

EDINBURGH, September 2d, 1719.

My trusty TROJAN,

THY last oration orthodox;
 Thy innocent auld farren jokes,

49. A' blessings, &c.) All this verse is a succinct cluster of
 kind wishes, elegantly express'd, with a friendly spirit, to
 which I take the liberty to add Amen.

VOL. I.

K

And

And fonsie saw of three provokes

Me anes again,

Tod lowrie like, to loofe my pocks,

4

And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e red,
I eithly fcan the man well-bred,
And foger that where honour led,

Has ventur'd bauld ;

Wha' now to youngsters leaves the yed

8

To 'tend his fald.

That bang'fter billy *Cæsar July*,
Wha at *Pharsalia* wan the tooly,
Had better sped, had he mair hooly

Scamper'd thro' life,

And 'midst his glories sheath'd his gooly,

12

And kiss'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as well he cou'd,
Upon burn banks the mufes woo'd,
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,

Wha'd been aboon him?

The senate's durks, and faction loud,

16

Had ne'er undone him.

Yet sometimes leave the riggs and bog,
Your howms, and braes, and shady fero, g,
And helm-a-lee the claret cog,

To clear your wit :

Be blyth, and let the warld e'en shog,

20

As it thinks fit.

4. Tod lowrie like.) Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some more of my wiles.

8. Leaves the yed to 'tend his fold.) Leaves the martial contention, and retires to a country life.

13. As well he cou'd) 'Tis well known he could write as well as fight.

Né'er

132 FAMILIAR EPISTLES.

And wi' red wine their wyson wet,
 And cleathing clean,
 And be nae sick, or drown'd in debt,
 40
 They're no to mean.

I red this verse to my ain kimmer,
 Wha kens I like a leg of gimmer,
 Or sic and sic good belly-timmer;
 Quoth she, and leugh,
 'Sicker of thae winter and simmer,
 44
 'Ye're well enough.'

My hearty goss, there is nae help,
 But hand to nive we twa maun skelp
 Up *Rhine* and *Thames*, and o'er the *Alp-*
pires and *Pyrenians*.
 The chearfou carles do fae yelp 48
 To ha'e's their minions.

Thy raffan rural rhyme fae rare,
 Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,
 Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare
 To ha'e them by them;
 Tho' gaffin they wi' fides fae fair, 52
 Cry, 'Wae gae by him!'

Fair fa that foger did invent
 To ease the poets toil wi' print:
 Now, *William*, wi' maun to the bent,
 And poufs our fortune,

51. Gars fowk gae gare.) Make people very earnest.

52. Wi' fides fae fair, cry, 'Wae gae by him!') 'Tis usual for many, after a full laugh, to complain of sore fides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest. But the folks of more tender consciences have turned their expletives to friendly wishes, such as this; or, Sonse fa' ye, and the like.

And

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 133

And crack wi' lads wha're well content 56
Wi' this our sporting.

Gin ony four-mou'd girning bucky
Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
That we like nags whafe necks are yucky,
Ha'e us'd our teeth;
I'll answer fine,—Gae kifs ye'r Lucky, 60
She dwells i' *Leith*.

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,
But when I speak, I speak indeed :
Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed.
I'll own I am sae,
And while my champers can chew bread,
Yours—ALLAN RAMSAY.

*An Epistle to Lieutenant HAMILTON, on the
receiving the compliment of a barrel of Loch-
fin herrings from him.*

YOUR herrings, sir, came hale and feer,
In healsome brine a' soumin,
Fu' fat they are and gusty gear,
As e'er I laid my thumb on :
Bra fappy fish 5
As ane cou'd wish
To clap on fadge or fcon ;
They relish fine
Good claret wine,
That gars our cares stand yon. 10

60. Gae kifs ye'r Lucky, &c.) Is a cant phrase, from what
rise I know not ; but 'tis made use of when one thinks it not
worth while to give a direct answer, or think themselves
foolishly accused.

1. Hale and feer.) Whole, without the least fault or want.

134 FAMILIAR EPISTLES;

Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang
 About *Auld Reeky's* ingle,
 When kedgy carles think nae lang,
 Where stoups and trunchers gingle;
 Then my friend leal, 15
 We tofs ye'r heal,
 And with bauld brag advance,
 What's hoorded in
 Lochs *Broom* and *Fin*
 Might ding the stocks of *France*. 20

A jelly sum to carry on
 A fishery's design'd,
 Twa million good of *sterling* pounds,
 By men of money's sign'd.
 Had ye but seen 25
 How unko keen
 And thrang they were about it,
 That we are bauld,
 Right rich and ald-
 Farran ye ne'er wad doubted. 30

Now, now I hope we'll ding the *Dutch*,
 As fine as a round *Robin*,
 Gin greedinefs to grow soon rich
 Invites not to stock-jobbing :
 That poor bofs shade 35
 Of sinking trade,
 And weather-glafs politick,
 Which heaves and sets,
 As publick gets
 A heezy, or a wee kick. 40

19. *Broom* and *Fin*.) Two lochs on the western seas,
 where plenty of herrings are taken.

22. A fishery.) The royal fishery; success to which is the
 wish and hope of every good man.

Fy,

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. 135

Fy, fy! but yet I hope 'tis dast
 To fear that trick come hither,
 Na, we're aboon that dirty craft
 Of biting ane anither.

The subject rich 45
 Will gi' a hitch

T' increase the publick gear,
 When on our seas,
 Like bisy bees,

Ten thousand fishers steer. 50

Could we catch the united shoals
 That crowd the western ocean,
 The *Indies* wad prove hungry holes,
 Compar'd to this our *Gosben* :

Then let's to wark 55
 With net and bark,

Them fish and faithfa' cure up;
 Gin fae we join,
 We'll cleek in coin

Frae a' the ports of *Europe*. 60

Thanks t'ye, Captain, for this swatch
 Of our store, and your favour;
 Gin I be spar'd, your love to match
 Shall still be my endeavour.

Next unto you, 65
 My service due

Please gi' to *Matthew Cumin*,
 Wha with fair heart
 Has play'd his part,

And sent them true and trim in. 70

67. *Matthew Cumin*.) Merchant in *Glasgow*, and one of
 the late magistrates of that city.

136 DEDICATION.

PATIE and ROGER: *A Pastoral, inscribed to JOSIAH BURCHET, Esq; Secretary of the Admiralty.*

THE nipping frosts and driving sna
Are o're the hills and far awa;
Bauld *Boreas* sleeps, the *Zephyrs* blaw,
And ilka thing
Sae dainty, youthfou, gay and bra'
Invites to sing. 4

Then let's begin by creek of day,
Kind muse skiff to the bent away,
To try anes mair the landart lay,
With a' thy speed,
Since *Burchet* awns that you can play 8
Upon the reed.

Anes, anes again beneath some tree
Exert thy skill and nat'ral glee,
To him wha has fae courteously,
To weaker fight,
Set these rude sonnets sung by me 12
In truest light.

In truest light may a' that's fine
In his fair character still shine,
Sma' need he has of sangs like mine,
To beet his name;
For frae the north to southern line, 16
Wide gangs his fame.

II. To weaker fight, set these, &c.) Having done me the honour of turning some of my pastoral poems into English justly and elegantly.

His

DEDICATION. 137

His fame, which ever shall abide,
While hist'ries tell of tyrants pride,
Wha vainly strave upon the tide
T' invade these lands
Where *Britain's* royal fleet doth ride, 20
Which still commands.

These doughty actions frae his pen,
Our age, and these to come, shall ken,
How itubborn natives did contend
 Upon the waves,
How free-born Britons faught like men, 24
 Their faes like slaves.

Sae far inscribing, fir, to you,
This country sang my fancy flew,
Keen your just merit to pursue;
But ah! I fear,
In giving praises that are due,
I grate your ear.

Yet tent a poet's zealous pray'r ;
May powers aboon with kindly care,
Grant you a lang and muckle skair
Of a' that's good,
'Till unto langest life and mair
You've healthfu' stood.

May never care your blessings sow'r,
And may the muses ilka hour
Improve your mind, and haunt your bower :
I'm but a callan :
Yet may I please you, while I'm your
Devoted ALLAN. 36

21. Frae his pen.) His valuable naval history.

PATIE

PATIE and ROGER.

BENEATH the south side of a craigy bield,
 Where a clear spring did healsome water yield;
 Twa youthfou shepherds on the gowans lay,
 Tenting their flocks ae bonny morn of *May* :
 Poor *Roger* gran'd 'till hollow echoes rang, 5
 While merry *Patie* humm'd himsel a sang :
 Then turning to his friend in blythsome mood,
 Quoth he, How does this sunshine cheer my blood ?
 How heartsome is't to see the rising plants ?
 To hear the birds chirm o'er their morning rants ?
 How tosie is't to snuff the cauller air, 11
 And a' the sweets it bears, when void of care ?
 What ails thee, *Roger*, then ? what gars thee grane ?
 Tell me the cause of thy ill-season'd pain.

ROGER.

I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart fate ! 15
 I'm born to strive with hardships dire and great ;
 Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
 Corbies and tods to grein for lambkins blood :
 But I opprest with never-ending grief,
 Maun ay despair of lighting on relief. 20

PATIE.

The bees shall loath the flower and quit the hive,
 The faughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
 E'er scornfou queans, or los of warldly gear,
 Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

4. Poor *Roger*.) Yet the richest shepherd in his stores, but
 disconsolate, whom

6. Merry *Patie*.) A chearful shepherd of less wealth endea-
 vours to comfort,

ROGER.

ROGER.

Sae might I say; but it's nae easy done 25
 By ane wha's faul is sadly out o' tune:
 You have fac fast a voice, and slid a tongue,
 You are the darling of baith auld and young.
 If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syn up their leglens cleek, 30
 And jeer me hameward frae the loan or bught,
 While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing thought:
 Yet I am tall, and as well shap'd as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lassie's eye:
 For ilka sheep ye have, I'll number ten, 35
 And should, as ane might think, come farer ben.

PATIE.

But ablins, nibour, ye have not a heart,
 Nor downa eithly wi' your cunzie part:
 If that be true, what signifies your gear?
 A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care. 40

ROGER.

My byar tumbled, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
 Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd.
 In winter last my cares were very sma,
 Tho' scores of wedders perish'd in the sna.

PATIE.

Were your bein rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
 Lefs you wad los, and lefs you wad repine:
 He wha has just enough can soundly sleep,
 The o'ercome only fashes fowk to keep.

42. Elf-shot.) Bewitch'd, shot by fairies: country people tell odd tales of this distemper amongst cows. When elf-shot, the cow falls down suddenly dead, no part of the skin is pierced, but often a little triangular flat stone is found near the beast, as they report, which is called the elf's arrow.

ROGER.

ROGER.

May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,
 That thou may'st thole the pangs of frequent loss;
 O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench, 51
 Wha ne'er will lout thy lowan drouth to quench,
 'Till, birs'd beneath the burden, thou cry dool,
 And awn that ane may fret that is nae fool.

PATIE.

Sax good fat lambs, I seld them ilka cloot 55
 At the *West-Port*, and bought a winsome flute,
 Of plumb-tree made, with iv'ry virles round,
 A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound;
 I'll be mair canty wi't, and ne'er cry dool,
 Than you with a' your gear, ye dowie fool. 60

ROGER.

Na, *Patie*, na, I'm nae sic churlish beast,
 Some ither things ly heavier at my breast;
 I dream'd a dreery dream this hinder night,
 That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

PATIE.

Now to your friend how silly's this pretence, 65
 To ane wha you and a' your secrets kens:
 Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
 Your well-seen love, and dorty *Jenny's* pride.
 Take courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,
 And safely think nane kens them but your sell 70

ROGER.

O *Patie*, ye have gueft indeed o'er true,
 And there is naething I'll keep up frae you;

56. *West-Port.*) The sheep-market-place of Edinburgh.

64. *Flesh a' creep.*) A phrase which expresses shuddering.

72. *Keep up.*) Hide or retain.

Me dorty *Jenny* looks upon asquint,
 To speak but 'till her I dare hardly mint ;
 In ilka place she jeers me air and late, 75
 And gars me look bumbas'd and unco' blate ;
 But yesterday I met her yont a know,
 She fled as frae a shellycoat or kow :
 She *Bauldy* loo's, *Baulay* that drives the car,
 But gecks at me, and says I smell o' tar. 80

PATIE.

But *Bauldy* loo's nae her right well I wat,
 He fighs for *Neps* :—Sae that may stand for that.

ROGER.

I wish I cou'd na loo her,—but in vain,
 I still maun dote and thole her proud disdain. 7
 My *Bauty* is a cur I dearly like, 85
 'Till he youl'd fair, she strak the poor dumb tyke :
 If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
 She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.
 When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
 With a' her face she shaws a cauldrie scorn : 90
 Last time I play'd, ye never saw sic spite,
 O'er *Bogie* was the spring, and her delyte,
 Yet tauntingly she at her nibour speer'd
 Gin she cou'd tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks wander where ye like, I dinna care ; 95
 I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair.

78. Shellycoat.) One of those frightful spectres the ignorant people are terrified at, and tell us strange stories of; that they are cloathed with a coat of shells, and make a horrid rattling; that they'll be sure to destroy one, if he gets not a running water between him and it: it dares not meddle with a woman with child, &c.

89. Stock and horn.) A reed or whistle, with a horn fix'd to it by the smaller end.

PATIE.

PATIE.

E'en do fae. *Roger*, wha can help misluck,
 Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabet chuck ;
 Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint a' hope,
 Gae till't ye'r ways, and take the lover's loup. 100

ROGER.

I need na make sic speed my blood to spill,
 I'll warrand death come soon enough a will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk ! leave aff that silly whindging way,
 Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
 Last morning I was unco' airly out, 105
 Upon a dyke I lean'd and glowr'd about ;
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the lee,
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Meggie* saw nae me :
 For yet the sun was wading throw the mist,
 And she was closs upon me e'er she wist. 110
 Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare legs, which whiter were than snaw :
 Her cokernony snooded up fou sleek,
 Her haffet locks hung waving on her cheek :
 Her cheek sae ruddy ! and her een sae clear ! 116
 And O ! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
 Neat, neat she was in buffin wastecoa clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green :
 Blythsome I cry'd, My bonny *Meg* come here,
 I fairly wherefore ye're sae soon a steer : 120
 But now I gues's ye'er gawn to gather dew.
 She scour'd awa, and said What's that to you ?
 'Then fare ye well, *Meg Dorts*, and e'en's ye like,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.

120. Soon a steer.) Soon stirring, or up.

PATIE and ROGER. 143

I trow, when that she saw, within a crack 125
 With a right thieveless errand she came back;
 Miscau'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog
 To weer up three waff ews were on the bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she, then wi' great haste
 I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waste; 130
 About her yielding waste, and took a fouth
 Of sweetest kisses frae her glowan mouth:
 While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came louping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flete w' me 'tween ilka smak, 135
 But well I kend she mean'd na as she spak.
 Dear *Roger*, when your Jo puts on her gloom,
 Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb:
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
 Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood. 140

R O G E R.

Kind *Patie*, now fair faw your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae kedgie, and ha'e sic an art
 To hearten ane:—for now as clean's a leek
 Ye've cherisht me since ye began to speak:
 Sae for your pains I'll make you a propine, 145
 My mither, honest wife, has made it fine;
 A tartan plaid, spun of good hauslock woo,
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue,
 With spraings like gou'd and filler, cross'd wi' black,
 I never had it yet upon my back. 150
 Well are ye wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind
 Redd up my ravel'd doubts, and clear'd my mind.

138. Never fash your thumb.) Be not the least vex'd, be easy.

143. Clean's a leek) Perfectly clever and right.

147. Hauslock woo.) A fine wool which is pull'd off the
 necks of sheep before the knife be put in, this being so much
 gain'd without spoiling the sale of the skin, is gather'd for
 such an use.

152. Redd up.) Is a metaphorical phrase from the putting
 in order, or winding up yarn that has been ravel'd.

PATIE.

144 EDINBURGH'S *Salutation*

P A T I E.

Well, had ye there, and since ye've frankly made
A present to me of your bra new plaid,
My flute's be yours, and she too that's sae nice, 155
Shall come a will, if you'll take my advice.

R O G E R.

As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't,
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't;
Now take it out, and gi'es a bonny spring,
For I'm in tist to hear you play or sing. 160

P A T I E.

But first we'll take a turn up to the height,
And see gin a' our flocks be feeding right:
Be that time bannocks and a shave of cheese
Will make a breakfast that a laird might please;
Might please our laird, gin he were but sae wise 165
To season meat wi' health instead of spice:
When we ha'e ta'en the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like my fell.

*Edinburgh's Salutation to the most Honourable
my Lord Marquess of Carnarvon.*

WElcome, my lord, heav'n be your guide,
And further your intention,

156. Come a will.) Come willingly, of her own accord,
without constraint.

167. The grace-drink.) The King's health, begun first by
the religious Margaret queen of Scots, known by the name of
St. Margaret. The piety of her design was to oblige the cour-
tiers not to rise from table till the thanksgiving grace was said;
well judging, that tho' some folks have little regard for reli-
gion, yet they will be mannerly to their prince.

Marquess of Carnarvon.) Eldest son to his grace the duke of
Chandois, who in May 1720 was at Edinburgh, in his tour
through Scotland.

To

To the Marquess of Carnarvon. 145

To what e'er place you fail or ride,
 To brighten your invention. 4
 The book of mankind lang and wide,
 Is well worth your attention :
 Wherefore please some time here abide,
 And measure the dimension 8
 Of minds right stout.

O that ilk worthy *British* peer
 Wad follow your example,
 My auld grey-head I yet wad rear,
 And spread my skirts mair ample. 12
 Shou'd *London* poutch up a' the gear?
 She might spare me a sample :
 In trouth his highness shou'd live here ;
 For without oyl our lamp will 16
 Gang blinkan out.

Lang syne, my lord, I had a court,
 And nobles fill'd my cawfy ;
 But since I have been fortune's sport,
 I look nae haff fae gawfy. 20
 Yet here brave gentlemen resort,
 And mony a handsome lassie :
 Now that you're lodg'd within my port,
 Fow well I wat they'll a' say, 24
 Welcome, my lord.

For you my best chear I'll produce,
 I'll no make muckle vaunting ;
 But routh for pleasure and for use,
 Whatever you be wanting, 28

12. Shou'd London.) Edinburgh too justly complains that the north of Britain is so remote from the court, and so rarely enjoys the influence of British stars of the first magnitude.

146 EDINBURGH'S *Salutation, &c.*

You's have at will to chap and chuse ;
 For few things am I scant in ;
 The wale of well-set ruby juice,
 When you like to be rantin,
 I can afford. 32

Than I, nor *Paris*, nor *Madrid*,
 Nor *Rome*, I trow's mair able
 To busk you up a better bed,
 Or trim a tighter table. 36
 My fons are honourably bred,
 To truth and friendship stable :
 What my detracting faes have said,
 You'll find a feigned fable, 40
 At the first sight.

May classic lear and letters belle,
 And travelling conspire,
 Ilk unjust notion to repell,
 And god-like thoughts inspire ; 44
 That in ilk action wise and snell
 You may shaw manly fire:
 Sae the fair picture of himself,
 Will give his grace your fire 48
 Immense delight.

31. The wale of well-set, &c.) The most choice of fine clear claret.

33. What my detracting faes.) Those who from a malicious low prejudice (only the scum indeed of our neighbours) have falsely reproached us with being rude, un hospitable and false.

WEALTH,

WEALTH, or the WOODY. *A Poem*
on the South-Sea. *Wrote June 1720.*

Illi robur & æs triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem

Primus, —

HOR.

Daring and unco' stout he was,
With heart hool'd in three sloughs of brass,
Wha ventur'd first upon the sea
With hempen branks, and horse of tree.

THALIA, ever welcome to this isle,
Descend, and glad the nation with a smile;
See frae yon bank where South-Sea ebbs and flows,
How sand-blind chance woodies and wealth bestows:
Aided by thee, I'll sail the wond'rous deep, 5
And throw the crowded alleys cautious creep.
Not easy task to plough the swelling wave,
Or in stock-jobbing prefs my guts to fave:
But naething can our wilder passions tame,
Wha rax for riches or immortal fame. 10

Long had the grumblers us'd their murm'ring sound,
Poor Britain in her publick debt is droov'n'd!
At fifty millions late we started a',
And wow we wonder'd how the debt wad fa';
But sonfy fauls wha first contriv'd the way, 15
With project deep our charges to defray;
O'er and aboon it heaps of treasure brings,
That fouk be guesfs become as rich as kings.

1. Thalia, ever welcome.) Thalia the chearful muse that delights to imitate the actions of mankind, and produces the laughing comedy. — That kind of poetry ever acceptable to Britons.

Lang heads they were that first laid down the plan,
 Into the which the round anes headlang ran, 20
 'Till overstock'd, they quat the sea, and tain wa'd
 been at land. }

Thus when braid flakes of snaw have clade the green,
 Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen
 The waxing ba' with meikle pleasure row,
 'Till past their pith, it did unwieldy grow. 25

'Tis strange to think what changes may appear
 Within the narrow circle of a year.

How can ae project, if it be well laid,
 Supply the simple want of trifling trade!
 Saxty lang years a man may rack his brain, 30
 Hunt after gear baith night and day wi' pain,
 And die at last in debt, instead of gain. }

But O, South-Sea! what mortal mind can run
 Throw a' the miracles that thou hast done?
 Nor scrimply thou thy sell to bounds confines,
 But like the sun on ilka party shines. 35
 To poor and rich, the fools as well as wife,
 With hand impartial stretches out the prize.

Like *Nilus* swelling frae his unkend head,
 Frae brank to brae o'erflows ilk rig and mead, 40

21. Fain wad be at land.) Land, in the time of this golden two or three months, was sold at 45, or 50 years purchase.

29. Trifling trade.) All manner of traffick and mechanicks was at that time despised. Subscriptions and transfers were the only commodities.

39. Like *Nilus*.) A river which crosses a great part of Africa; the spring-head whereof unknown 'till of late. In the month of June it swells and overflows Egypt. When it rises too high, the inundation is dangerous, and threatens a famine. In this river are the monstons amphibious animals named Crocodiles, of the same specie with the late Alligators of the South-Sea, which make a prey of, and devour all human creatures they can lay hold on.'

Instilling

Infilling lib'ral store of genial sap,
 Whence sun-burn'd gypsies reap a plenteous crap :
 Thus flows our sea, but with this diff'rence wide,
 But aënes a year their river heaves his tide ;
 Ours aſt ilk day, t' enrich the common weal, 45
 Bangs o'er its banks, and dings *Egyptian Nile*.

Ye rich and wiſe, we own ſucceſs your due,
 But your reverſe their luck with wonder view.
 How without thought theſe dawted petts of fate
 Have jobb'd themſelves into ſae high a ſtate, 50
 By pure inſtinſt ſae leal the mark have hit,
 Without the uſe of either fear or wit.
 And ithers, who laſt years their garrets kept,
 Where duns in viſion faſh'd them while they ſlept ;
 Wha only durſt in twilight or the dark 55
 Steal to a common cook's with half a mark,
 A' their hale ſtock, — now by a kanny gale
 In the o'erflowing ocean ſpread their ſail,
 While they in gilded galleys cut the tide,
 Look down on fiſher-boats wi' meikle pride. 60

Mean time the thinkers, wha are out of play,
 For their ain comfort kenna what to ſay ;
 That the foundation's looſe ſain wa'd they ſhaw,
 And think na but the fabrick ſoon will fa'.

48. Your reverſe.) Poor fools.

52. Of either fear or wit.) One was reckoned a timorous
 thinking fool, who took advice of his reaſon in the grand affair.

60. Look down on fiſher-boats.) Deſpiſed the virtuous de-
 ſign of propagating and carrying on a fiſhery, which can never
 fail to be a real benefit to Britain.

61. The thinkers.) Many of juſt thinking at that time
 were vex'd to ſee themſelves trudging on foot, when ſome
 others of very indifferent capacities were ſetting up gilded equi-
 pages ; and notwithstanding of all the doubts they formed
 againſt it, yet fretted becauſe they were not ſo lucky as to have
 ſome ſhares.

150 WEALTH, or the WOODY.

That's a' but sham—for inwardly they fry, 65
 Vext that their fingers were na in the pye.
 Faint-hearted wights, wha dully stood afar,
 'Tholling your reason great attempts to mar;
 While the brave dauntless, of sic fetters free,
 Jumpt headlong glorious in the golden sea: 70
 Where now, like gods, they rule each wealthy jaw,
 While you may thump your pows against the wa'.

On summer's e'en the welkin cawm and fair,
 When little midges frisk in lazy air,
 Have ye not seen thro' ither how they reel, 75
 And time about how up and down they wheel?
 Thus eddies of stock-jobbers drive about;
 Upmost to day, the morn their pipe's put out.
 With pensive face, when e'er the market's hy,
Minutius cries, Ah! what a gowk was I. 80
 Some friend of his, wha wisely seems to ken
 Events of causes mair than ither men,
 Push for your interest yet, nae fear, he cries,
 For South-Sea will to twice ten hunder rise.
 Waes me for him that sells paternal land, 85
 And buys when shares the highest sums demand:
 He ne'er shall taste the sweets of rising stock,
 Which faws neist day: nae help for't, he is broke.

Dear sea, be tenty how thou flows at shams
 Of *Hogland Gad'rens* in their froggy dams, 90

70. Jumpt headlong.) Threw off all the fetters of reason,
 and plunged gloriously into confusion.

81. Wha wisely.) With grave faces many at this time pre-
 tended they could demonstrate this hoped-for rise of South-Sea.

90. *Hogland Gad'rens*.) The Dutch, whom a learned au-
 thor of a late essay has endeavoured to prove to be descended
 after a strange manner from the *Gaderens*; which essay Lewis
 the XIV. was mightily pleased with, and bounteously rewarded
 the author.

WEALTH, or the WOODY. 151

Left in their muddy bogs they chance to sink,
Where thou may stagnate, syne of course maun
stink.

This I foresee, (and time shall prove I'm right;
For he's nae poet wants the second fight,)
When autumn's stores are ruck'd up in the yard, 95
And fleet and snaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard;
When bleak *November* winds make forests bare,
And with splenetick vapours fill the air;
Then, then in gardens, parks, or silent glen,
When trees bear naething else, they'll carry men,
Wha shall like paughty *Romans* greatly swing 101
Aboon earth's disappointments in a string.
Sae ends the towring faul that downa see
A man move in a higher sphere than he.

Happy that man wha has thrawn up a main, 105
Which makes some hundred thousands a' his ain,
And comes to anchor on sae firm a rock,
Britannia's credit, and the South-Sea stock.
Ilk blythsome pleasure waits upon his nod,
And his dependants eye him like a god. 110
Closs may he bend *Champain* frae e'en to morn,
And look on cells of tippony with scorn.
'Thrice lucky pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton fair,
That can in a' his wealth and pleasure skair.
Like *Jove* he sits, like *Jove*, high heav'n's goodman,
While the inferior gods about him stand,
'Till he permits with condescending grace,
That ilka ane in order take their place.
Thus with attentive look mensfow they sit,
'Till he speak first, and shaw some shining wit; 120
Syne circling wheels the flattering gaffaw,
As well they may, he gars their beards wag a'.

122. their beards wag a'.) Feasts them at his own proper
cost; hence the proverb, 'Tis fair in ha', where beards wag a'.

152 *The Prospect of Plenty.*

Imperial gowd, what is' thou canna grant?
 Possess of thee, what is't a man need, want?
 Commanding coin, there's nathing hard to thee, 125
 I canna guess how rich fowk come to die.

Unhapy wretch, link'd to the threed-bare nine,
 The dazling equipage can ne'er be thine:
 Destin'd to toil thro' labyrinths of verse,
 Dar'it speak of great stock-jobbing as a farce. 130
 Poor thoughtless mortal, vain of airy dreams,
 The flying horse, and bright *Apollo's* beams,
 And *Helicon's* wersh well thou ca's divine,
 Are nathing like a mistress, coach and wine.

Wad some good patron (whase superior skill 135
 Can make the South-Sea ebb and flow at will,)
 Put in a stock for me, I own it fair,
 In epic strain I'd pay him to a hair;
 Immortalize him, and what e'er he loves,
 In flowing numbers I shall sing, *approves*; 140
 If not, fox like, I'll thraw my gab, and gloom,
 And ca' your hundred thousand a *four plum*.

The Prospect of Plenty: A Poem on the NORTH-SEA FISHERY, inscribed to the Right Hon. the Royal Burrows of SCOTLAND.

— Βαίῳ δὲ πῶτα μέγα κερδὸς ὀππῶει.

Opic. n. Halieutic. lib. III.

THALIA anes again in blythsome lays,
 In lays immortal, chant the North-sea's praise.

142. A four plum.) The fox in the fable that despised the plumbs he cou'd not reach, is well known. 100,000 pounds being called a plum, make this a right pun; and some puns deserve not to be class'd amongst low wit, tho' the generality of them do.

Tent

Tent how the *Caledonians*, lang supine,
 Begin, mair wife, to open baith their een;
 And, as they ought, t'employ that store which heav'n
 In sic abundance to their hands has given.
 Sae heedless heir, born to a lairdship wide,
 That yields mair plenty than he kens to guide;
 Not well acquainted with his ain good luck,
 Lets ilka sneaking fellow take a pluck;
 'Till at the lang-run, wi' a heart right fair,
 He sees the bites grow bein, as he grows bare:
 Then wak'ning, looks about with glegger glour,
 And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

Nae nation in the world can parallel 15
 The plenteous product of this happy isle:
 But past'ral heights, and sweet prolofick plains,
 That can at will command the fastest strains,
 Stand yont; for *Amphitrite* claims our sang,
 Wha round fair *Thule* drives her finny thrang, 20
 O'er shaws of coral, and the pearly sands,
 To *Scotia's* smootheft lochs and chrystal strands.
 There keeps the tyrant pike his awfu' court,
 Here trouts and salmond in clear channels sport.
 Wae to that hand, that dares by day or night 25
 Defile the stream where sporting fries delight.
 But herrings, lovely fish, like best to play
 In rowan ocean, or the open bay:
 In crowds amazing thro' the waves they shine,
 Millions on millions form ilk equal line: 30
 Nor dares th' imperial whale, unless by stealth,
 Attack their firm united common-wealth.

19. *Amphitrite*.) The wife of Neptune.

20. *Thule*.) The northern islands of Scotland are allow'd
 by all to be the *Thule* of the antients.

25. Wae to that hand, &c.) There are acts of parliament,
 which severely prohibit steeping of lint, or any other way de-
 filing these clear rivers where salmond abound.

But

154 *The Prospect of PLENTY.*

But artfu' nets, and fishers' wylie skill,
 Can bring the scaly nations to their will.
 When these retire to caverns of the deep, 35
 Or in their oozy beds thro' winter sleep,
 Then shall the tempting bait, and tented string,
 Beguile the cod, the sea-cat, tusk, and ling.
 Thus may our fishery thro' a' the year
 Be still employ'd, t' increase the publick gear. 40

Delytfou' labour, where the industrious gains
 Profit surmounting ten times a' his pains
 Nae pleasure like success; then lads stand be,
 Ye'll find it endless in the *Northern-Sea*.
 O'er lang with empty brag we have been vain 40 }
 Of toom dominion on the plenteous main,
 While others ran away with a' the gain. }
 Thus proud *Iberia* vaunts of sov'reign sway
 O'er countries rich, frae rise to set of day;
 She grasps the shadow, but the substance tines, 50
 While a' the rest of *Europe* milk her mines.

But dawns the day sets *Britain* on her feet,
 Lang loo'd-for's come at last, and welcome be't:
 For numerous fleets shall hem *Æbudan* rocks,
 Commanding seas, with rowth to raise our stocks.
 Nor can this be a toom chimera found,
 The fabrick's bigget on the surest ground.
 Sma' is our need to toil on foreign shores,
 When we have baith the *Indies* at our doors.
 Yet, for diversion, laden vessels may 60
 To far aff nations cut the liquid way;
 And fraught frae ilka port what's nice or braw,
 While for their trifles we maintain them a'.

48. *Iberia.*) Spain.

54. *Æbudan* rocks.) The *Lews*, and other western islands.
Goths,

The Prospect of PLENTY. 155

Goths, Vendals, Gauls, Hesperians, and the Moors,
 Shall a' be treated frae our happy shores : 65
The rantin Germans, Russians, and the Poles,
 Shall feast with pleasure on our gussy sholes:
 For which deep in their treasures we shall dive:
 Thus, by fair trading, North-sea stock shall thrive.

Sae far the bonny prospect gave delight, 70
 The warm ideas gart the muse take flight:
 When straight a grumbletonian appears,
 Peghing fou fair beneath a lade of fears:
 ' Wow! that's braw news, quoth he, to make fools
 ' fain,
 ' But gin ye be nae warluck, how d'ye ken? 75
 ' Does *Tam* the *Rhimer* spae oughtlins of this?
 ' Or do ye prophesy just as ye wish?
 ' Will projects thrive in this abandon'd place?
 ' Unfonsy we had ne'er fae meikle grace.
 ' I fear, I fear, your tow'ring aim fa' short, 80
 ' Alake we winn o'er far frae king and court?
 ' The *Southerns* will with pith your project bauk,
 ' They'll never thole this great design to tak'.

Thus do the dubious ever countermine,
 With party wrangle, ilka fair design.
 How can a faul, that has the use of thought,
 Be to sic little creeping fancies brought?
 Will *Britain's* king or parliament gainstand
 The universal profit of the land?
 Now when nae sep'rate interest eags to strife, 90
 The antient nations join'd like man and wife,
 Maun study clos, for peace and thriving's sake,
 Aff a' the wiss'en'd leaves of spite to shake:

76. *Tam the Rhimer.*) Thomas Learmond, alias the rhimer,
 lived in the reign of Alexander III. king of Scots, and is held
 in great esteem by the vulgar for his dark predictions,

Let's

156 *The Prospect of PLENTY.*

Let's weave and fish to ane anither's hands,
 And never mind wha serves or wha commands; 95
 But baith alike consult the common weal,
 Happy that moment friendship makes us leal
 To truth and right,—then springs a shining day,
 Shall clouds of ima' mistakes drive fast away.
 Mistakes and private int'rest hence be gane, 100
 Mind what ye did on dire *Pharsalia's* plain,
 Where doughty *Romans* were by *Romans* slain. }

A meaner phantom neist, with meikle dread,
 Attacks with senseless fears the weaker head.
 ' The *Dutch*, say they, will strive your plot to stop,
 ' They'll toom their banks before you reap their
 ' crap :
 ' Lang have they ply'd that trade like bisy bees,
 ' And suck'd the profit of the *Pictland* seas,
 ' Thence riches fish'd mair by themselves confest,
 ' Than e'er they made by *India's* east and west.' 110

O mighty fine, and greatly was it spoke!
 Maun bauld *Britania* bear *Batavia's* yoke?
 May she not open her ain pantry-door,
 For fear the paughty states shou'd gi'e a roar?
 Dare she nane of her herrings sel or prive, 115
 Afore she say, dear *Matkie* wi' ye'r leave?
 Curse on the wight wha tholes a thought fae tame,
 He merits not the manly *Briton's* name.
 Grant the're good allies, yet it's hardly wise,
 To buy their friendship at fae high a price, 120
 But frae that airth we needna fear great skaith,
 These people, right auldfaran, will be laith
 To thwart a nation, wha with ease can draw
 Up ilka sluice they have, and drown them a'.

Ah

The Prospect of PLENTY. 157.

Ah slothfu' pride! a kingdom's greatest curse,
How dowf looks gentry with an empty purse? 126
How worthless is a poor and haughty drone,
Wha thowless stands a lazy looker-on?
While active sauls a stagnant life despise,
Still ravish'd with new pleasures as they rise. 130
O'er lang, in troth, we have by-standers been,
And loot fowk lick the white out of our een:
Nor can we wyt them, since they had our vote;
But now they'se get the wistle of their groat.

Here did the muse intend a while to rest, 135
'Till hame o'er spitefu' din her lugs opprest;
Anither sett of the envyfou kind
(With narrow notions horridly confin'd)
Wag their boss noddles; syne with silly spite
Land ilka worthy project in a bite, 140
They force with aukward girn their ridicule,
And ca' ilk ane concern'd a simple fool,
Excepting some, wha a' the leave will nick,
And gi'e them nought but bare whop-shafts to lick.

Malicious envy! root of a' debates,
The plague of government and bane of states;
The nurse of positive destructive strife,
Fair friendship's fae, which sow'rs the sweets of life;
Promoter of sedition and base feud,
Still overjoy'd to see a nation bleed. 150
Stap, stap, my las, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
If ye rin on, heav'n kens where ye may land;
Turn to your fishers sang, and let fowk ken
The north-sea skippers are leal-hearted men,

132. And loot fowk ilk, &c.) This phrase is always applied
when people with pretence of friendship, do you an ill turn,
as one licking a mote out of your eye makes it bloodshot.

151. Las.) The muse.

154. North sea Skippers.) The managers.

Vers'd

158 *The Prospect of PLENTY.*

Vers'd in the critick seasons of the year, 155
 When to ilk bay the fishing-bush should steer;
 There to hawl up with joy the plenteous fry,
 Which on the decks in shining heaps shall ly;
 'Till carefou hands, even while they've vital heat,
 Shall be employ'd to save their juices sweet: 160
 Strick tent they'll tak to stow them wi' strang brine,
 In barrels tight, that shall nae liquor tine;
 Then in the foreign markets we shall stand
 With upright front, and the first sale demand.
 This, this our faithfou trustees have in view, 165
 And honourably will the task pursue:
 Nor are they bigging castles in a cloud,
 Their ships already into action scud.

Now, dear ill-natur'd billies, fae nae mair,
 But leave the matter to their prudent care: 170
 They're men of candor, and right well they wate
 That truth and honesty hads lang the gate:
 Shouder to shouder let's stand firm and stout,
 And there's nae fear but we'll soon make it out;
 We've reason, law, and nature on our side, 175
 And have nae bars, but party, slowth, and pride.

When a's in order, as it soon will be,
 And fleets of bushes fill the Northern-sea,
 What hopefou' images with joy arise,
 In order rang'd before the muse's eyes? 180
 A wood of masts, well mann'd—their jovial din,
 Like eydent bees gawn out and coming in.

159. Vital heat.) 'Tis a vast advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.

161. Strang brine.) Foreign salt.

168. Into action scud.) Several large ships are already employ'd, and took in their salt and barrels a month ago.

172. Hads lang the gate.) Holds long up its head, longest keeps the high way or gate.

Here

Here ha'ff a nation, healthfou, wise, and stark,
 With spirits only tint for want of wark,
 Shall now find place their genius to exert, 185
 While in the common good they act their part.
 These, fit for servitude, shall bear a hand,
 And these find government form'd for command.
 Besides, this as a nursery shall breed
 Stout skill'd marines, when *Britain's* navies need.
 Pleas'd with their labour, when their task is done,
 They'll leave green *Thetis* to embrace the sun :
 The freshest fish shall on the brander bleez,
 And lend the bisy browster-wife a heez :
 While healthfou hearts shall own their honest flame,
 With reaming quaff, and whomelt to her name, 195
 Whase active motion to his heart did reach,
 As she the cods was turning on the beech.
 Curs'd poortith, Love and *Hymen's* deadly fae,
 (That gars young fowk in prime cry aft, *Ob hey*, 200
 And single live, 'till age and runckles shaw
 Their canker'd spirit's good for nought at a' ;)
 Now flit your camp, far frae our confines scour,
 Our lads and lasses soon shall slight your power ;
 For rowth shall cherish love, and love shall bring 205
 Mae men t' improve the soil and serve the king.
 Thus universal plenty shall produce
 Strength to the state, and arts for joy and use.

O Plenty, thou delyt of great and sma',
 Thou nervous sinnow of baith war and law : 210
 The statesman's drift, spur to the artist's skill,
 Nor does the very *flamens* like thee ill ;

198. The beech.) The beech is a number of big stones,
 where they dry the cod and ling.

212. *Flamens*.) Priests.

The

160 *The Prospect of PLENTY.*

The shabby poet hate thee ! that's a lee,
Or else they are nae of a mind wi' me.

Plenty shall cultivate ilk scawp and moor, 215
Now lee and bare, because the landlord's poor.
On scroggy braes shall akes and ashes grow,
And bonny gardens clead the brecken how.
Does others backward dam the raging main,
Raifing on barren sands a flowry plain ? 220
By us then shou'd the thought o't be endur'd,
To let braid tracts of land ly unmanur'd ?
Uncultivate nae mair they shall appear,
But shine with a' the beauties of the year ;
Which start with ease frae the obedient soil, 225
And ten times o'er reward a little toil.

Alang wild shores, where tumbling billows break,
Plenisht with nought but shells and tangle-wreck,
Braw towns shall rise, with steeples mony a ane,
And houses bigget a' with estler stane :
Where schools polite shall lib'ral arts display,
And make auld barb'rous darknes fly away.

Now *Nereus* rising frae his watry bed,
The pearly drops hap down his lyart head ;
Oceanus with pleasure hears him sing, 235
Tritons and *Nereids* form a jovial ring ;
And dancing on the deep, attention draw,
While a' the winds in love, but sighing, blaw.
The sea-born prophet sang in sweetest strain,
' *Britons* be blyth, fair queen of isles be fain ; 240
' A richer people never saw the sun :
' Gang tightly throw what fairly you've begun ;

219. The raging main.) The Dutch have gained a great
deal from the sea.

' Spread

SCOTS SONGS. 161

' Spread a' your sails and streamers in the wind,
 ' For ilka power in sea and air's your friend ;
 ' Great *Neptune's* unexhausted bank has store 205
 ' Of endless wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er.'
 He sang sae loud, round rocks the ecchos flew,
 'Tis true, he said ; they are return'd, 'tis true.

September 1720.

SCOTS SONGS.

Spoken to Mrs. N.

A Poem wrote without a thought,
 By notes may to a song be brought,
 Tho' wit be scarce, low the design,
 And numbers lame in ev'ry line : 4
 But when fair *Christy* this shall sing
 In consort with the trembling string,
 O then the poet's often prais'd,
 For charms so sweet a voice hath rais'd. 8

MARY SCOT.

Happy's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover. 4
 Ye registers of heav'n relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see mark'd for my marrow
Mary Scot the flower of *Yarrow* ? 8
 VOL. I. M Ah

162 SCOTTS SONGS

Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share,
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her. 12
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile;
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*. 16

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish;
 She is too good to let me languish; 20
 With success crown'd, I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When *Mary Scot's* become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise on *Yarrow*. 24

O'er BOGIE.

I Will awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her. 4
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care a strae,
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae. 8
 I will awa', &c.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part,
 For filler or for land. 12
 Let

SCOTS SONGS. 163

Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace,
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On *Betty's* bonny face. 16
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine
 Of colour, treats and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare : 20
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms,
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lockt up in my arms. 24
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble servant king,
 Shame fa' them that wa'd change, 28
 A kifs of *Betty* and a smile,
 Abeet ye wa'd lay down
 The right ye ha'e to *Britain's* isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown. 32
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the moor to *Maggy*,
 Her wit and sweetness call me,
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me : 4
 If she love mirth, I'll learn to sing ;
 Or likes the nine to follow,
 M 2 I'M

164 S C O T S S O N G S.

I'll lay my lugs in *Pindus'* spring,
And invoke *Apollo*. 8

If she admire a martial mind,
I'll sheath my limbs in armour;
If to the softer dance inclin'd,
With gayest airs I'll charm her; 12
If she love grandeur, day and night
I'll plot my nation's glory,
Find favour in my prince's fight,
And shine in future story. 16

Beauty can wonders work with ease,
Where wit is corresponding,
And bravest men know best to please,
With complaisance abounding. 20
My bonny *Maggy's* love can turn
Me to what shape she pleases,
If in her breast that flame shall burn
Which in my bosom bleazes. 24

I'll never leave thee.

J O N N Y.

TH O' for seven years and mair honour shou'd
reave me,
To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
thee;
For deep in my spirit thy sweets are indented,
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me. 6

N E L L Y.

SCOTS SONGS. 165

N E L L Y.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous, when e'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i' the world wa'd vex my heart fairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me. 12

J O N N Y.

My *Nelly*, let never sic fancies oppress ye,
For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caress ye;
Your blooming soft beauties first beeted love's fire,
Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me. 18

N E L L Y.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye;
And gin ye prove false, to ye'r sell be it said then,
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me. 24

J O N N Y.

Bid icefhogles hammer red gauds on the study,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid *Britons* think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
But never 'till that time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The starns shall gang witherlins e'er I deceive
thee. 30

M 3

POLWART

166 SCOTS SONGS.

POLWART *on the Green.*

AT Polwart *on the green*
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn;
 A kindly welcome ye shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee;
 Be ever to the captive kind
 That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the green,
 Among the new-mawn hay,
 With sangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night if beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twinn'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN

SCOTS SONGS. 167

JOHN HAY's *Bonny Lassie.*

BY smooth winding *Tay* a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
My fell thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny *Hay* that I am her lover. 4

Nae mair it will hide; the flame waxes stranger,
If she's not my bride, my days are nae langer;
Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
May be e'er we part my vows may content her. 8

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
When birds mount and sing bidding day a good-
morrow.

The sward of the mead enamel'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twinn'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
sweeter:

'Tis heav'n to be by, when her wit is a flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing. 16

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded;
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is *Hay's* bonny lassie. 20

Genty TIBBY and *sonsy* NELLY.

To the Tune of TIBBY FOWLER *in the Glen.*

TIBBY has a store of charms,
Her genty shape our fancy warms,
How starkly can her sma' white arms
Fetter the lad wha looks but at her;

M 4

4
Frae

168 SCOTS SONGS.

Frae ancle to her slender waift,
 These sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
 Her rosie cheek and rising breast,
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fou' o' water. 8

Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May,
 Ilk ane that sees her cries, *Ab hey!*
 She's bonny, O I wonder at her! 12
 The dimples of her chin and cheek,
 And limbs fae plump invite to dawt her,
 Her lips fae sweet, and skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water. 16

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear thegither. 20
 O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large? while we're oblig'd to nither
 Our spacious fauls immense desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin swither. 24

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
 And Nelly's beauties are divine;
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye gods give ear to my petition, 28
 Provide a good lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect *plano* and fruition. 32

Up

SCOTS SONGS. 169

Up in the Air.

NOW the fun's gane out o' fight,
Beet the ingle, and snuff the light :
In glens the fairies skip and dance,
And witches wallop o'er to *France*, 4

Up in the air
On my bonny grey mare.
And I see her yet, and I see her yet,
Up in, &c. 8

The wind's drifting hail and sna'
O'er frozen hags like a foot ba',
Nae starns keek throw the azure slit,
'Tis cauld and mirk as ony pit, 12

The man i' the moon
Is carowsing aboon,
D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet.
The man, &c. 16

Take your glafs to clear your een,
'Tis the *Elixir* hales the spleen,
Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
And gently puffs the lover's fire, 20

Up in the air,
It drives away care,
Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, lads, yet,
Up in, &c. 24

Steek the doors, keep out the frost,
Come, *Willy*, gi'es about ye'r toft,
Til't lads, and lilt it out,
And let us ha'e a blythfom bowt, 28

Up wi't there, there,
Dinna cheat, but drink fair,
Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads, yet,
Up wi't, &c. 32

The

(170)

The Rise and Fall of Stocks, 1720.

*An Epistle to the Right Honourable my Lord
RAMSAY, now in PARIS.*

*Your pettifoggers damn their souls !
To share with knaves in cheating fools ;
And merchants vent'ring on the main
Slight pirates, rocks, and horns for gain.*

HUDIBRAS.

My LORD,

Withoutten preface or preamble,
My fancy being on the ramble ;
Transported with an honest passion,
Viewing our poor bambouzld nation,
Biting her nails, her knuckles wringing, 5
Her cheek sae blae, her lip sae hinging ;
Grief and vexation's like to kill her,
For tyning baith her tick and filler.

Allow me, then, to make a comment
On this affair of greatest moment, 10
Which has fa'n out, my lord, since ye
Left *Lothian* and the *Edge-well* tree :
And, with your leave, I needna stickle
To say we're in a sorry pickle,

12. *Edge-well* tree.) An oak-tree which grows on the side
of a fine spring, nigh the castle of Dalhousie, very much ob-
served by the country people, who give out, that before any
of the family died, a branch fell from the *Edge-well* tree.
The old tree some few years ago fell altogether ; but another
sprung from the same root, which is now tall and flourishing,
and lang be't sae.

Since

The Rise and Fall of Stocks. 171

Since poortith o'er ilk head does hover 15
Frae *John a Groat's* house, south to *Dover*.

Sair have we pelted been with stocks,
Casting our credit at the cocks.
Lang guilty of the highest treason
Against the government of reason ; 20
We madly at our ain expences,
Stock-job'd away our cash and senses.

As little bairns frae winnocks hy
Drap down saip bells to waiting fry,
Wha run and wrestle for the prize, 25
With face erect and watchfou' eyes ;
The lad wha gleggest waits upon it,
Receives the bubble on his bonnet,
Views with delight the shining beau-thing,
Which in a twinkling bursts to nothing. 30
Sae *Britain* brought on a' her troubles,
By running dastly after bubbles.

Impos'd on by langnebit juglers,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, cheating smuglers,
Wha set their gowden girns sae wylie, 35
Tho' ne'er sae cautious they'd beguile ye.
The covetous infatuation
Was smittle out o'er all the nation ;
Clergy and lawyers and physicians,
Mechanicks, merchants, and musicians ; 40
Baith sexes of a' sorts and sizes
Drap'd ilk design, and jobb'd for prizes.
Frae noblemen to livery varlets,
Frae topping toasts to hackney harlots.
Poetick dealers were but scarce, 45
Less browden still on cash than verse ;

16. *John a Groat's* house,) The northmost house in Scotland.

Only

172 *The Rise and Fall of Stocks.*

Only ae bard to coach did mount,
By singin' praise to fir *John Blount* ;
But since his mighty patron fell,
He looks just like *Jock Blunt* himsel. 50

Some lords and lairds sell'd riggs and castles,
And play'd them aff with tricky rascals,
Wha now with routh of riches vapour,
While their late honours live on paper.
But ah ! the difference 'twixt good land, 55
And a poor bankrupt bubble's band.

Thus *Europeans* *Indians* rifle,
And give them for their gowd some trifle ;
As deugs of velvet, chips of chrystal,
A facon's bell, or baubie whistle. 60

Merchants and bankers heads gade wrang,
They thought to millions they might spang ;
Despis'd the virtuous road to gain,
And look'd on little bills with pain :
The well-win thousands of some years, 65
In ae big bargain disappears.
'Tis fair to bide, but wha can help it,
Instead of coach, on foot they skelp it.

The ten *per Cents* wha durstna venture,
But lent great sums upon indenture, 70
To billies wha as frankly war'd it,
As they out of their guts had spar'd it,
When craving money they have lent,
They're answer'd, *item*, A' is spent.

47. Only ae bard, &c) Vide Dick Francklin's epistle.

50. He looks just like Jock Blunt.) This is commonly said
of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.

The

The Rise and Fall of Stocks. 173

The miser hears him with a gloom,
Grins like a brock and bites his thumb,
Syne shores to grip him by the wyson,
And keep him a' his days in prison.
Sae may ye do, replies the debter,
But that can never mend the matter : 80
As soon can I mount *Charle-wain*,
As pay ye back your gear again.
Poor mouldy rins quire by himsel,
And bans like ane broke loose frae hell.
It lulls a wee my mullygrubs, 85
To think upon these bitten scrubs,
When naething saxes their vital low,
But the expences of a tow.

Thus children aft with carefu' hands,
In summer dam up little strands, 90
Collect the drizel to a pool,
In which their glowing limbs they cool ;
'Till by comes some ill-deedy gift,
Wha in the bulwark makes a rift,
And with ae strake in ruins lays, 95
The work of use, art, care and days.

Even handy-crafts-men too turn'd saucy,
And maun be coaching't thro' the caufy ;
Syne stroot fou paughty in the alley,
Transferring thousands with some valley : 100
Grow rich in fancy, treat their whore,
Nor mind they were, or shall be poor.
Like little *Joves* they treat the fair,
With gowd frae banks built in the air ;

83. By himsel.) Mad, out of his wits.

93. Ill-deedy gift.) A roguish boy, who is seldom without doing a bad action.

For

174 *The Rise and Fall of Stocks.*

For which their *Danaes* list the lap, 105
And compliment them with a clap,
Which by aft jobbing grows a pox,
'Till brigs of noses fa' with stocks.

Here coachmen, grooms, or pasment trotter,
Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to snoter : 110
Like a shot starn, that thro' the air
Skyts east or west with unko glare,
But found neist day on hillock side,
Nae better seems nor paddock ride.

Some reverend brethren left their flocks, 115
And sank their stipends in the stocks ;
But tining baith, like *Æsop's* colly,
O'er late they now lament their folly.

For three warm months, *May, June, and July,*
There was odd scrambling for the spulzy ; 120
And mony a ane, 'till he grew tyr'd,
Gather'd what gear his heart desir'd.
We thought that dealer's stock an ill ane,
That was not wordy haf a million.
O had this golden age but lasted, 125
And no fae soon been broke and blasted,
There is a person well I ken
Might wi' the best gane right far ben ;
His project better had succeeded,
And far less labour had he needed : 130
But 'tis a daffin to debate,
And aurge-bargle with our fate.

105. *Danaes.*) *Danae*, the daughter of *Acrisius*, king of *Argos*, to whom *Jupiter* descended in a shower of gold.

127. A person, &c.) Meaning myself, with regard to my printing this volume by subscription.

Well,

The Rise and Fall of Stocks. 175

Well, had this gowden age but lasted,
And not so soon been broke and blasted,
O wow, my lord, these had been days 135
Which might have claim'd your poet's lays;
But soon alake! the mighty *Dagon*
Was seen to fa' without a rag on.
In harvest was a dreadfu' thunder,
Which gart a' *Britain* glowr and wonder; 140
The phizzing bowt came with a blatter,
And dry'd our great sea to a gutter.

But mony fowk with wonder speir,
What can become of a' the gear?
For a' the country is repining, 145
And ilka ane complains of tining.
Plain answer I had best let be,
And tell ye just a simlie.

Like *Belzie* when he nicks a witch,
Wha fells her faul she may be rich; 150
He finding this the bait to damn her,
Casts o'er her een his cheating glamour:
She signs and seals, and he affords
Her heaps of visionary hoords;
But when she comes to count the cunzie, 155
'Tis a' sklate-stanes instead of money.

Thus we've been trick'd with braw projectors,
And faithfu' managing directors,
Wha for our cash, the faul of trade,
Bonny propines of paper made; 160
On footing clean, drawn unco' fair,
Had they not vanisht into air.

When

176 *The Rise and Fall of Stocks.*

When *South-Sea* tyde was at a hight,
 My fancy took a daring flight,
Thalia, lovely muse, inspired 165
 My breast, and me with fore-sight fir'd ;
 Rapt into future months, I sa'
 The rich aerial *Babel* sa',
 'Yond seas I saw the upstarts drifting,
 Leaving their coaches for the lifting. 170
 These houses fit for wights gane mad,
 I saw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had ;
 While little sauls sunk with despair,
 Implor'd cauld death to end their care.
 But now a sweeter scene I view, 175
 Time has, and time shall prove I'm true ;
 For fair *Asirea* moves frae heav'n,
 And shortly shall make a' odds ev'n.
 The honest man shall be regarded,
 And villains as they ought rewarded. 180
 The setting moon and rosie dawn
 Bespeak a shining day at hand ;
 A glorious sun shall soon arise,
 To brighten up *Britannia's* skies.
 Our king and senate shall engage 185
 To drive the vultures off the stage :
 Trade then shall flourish, and ilk art,
 A lively vigour shall impart
 To credit languishing and fæmisht,
 And *Lombard-street* shall be replenisht. 190
 Got safe ashore after this blast,
Britons shall sinile at follies past.

164. My fancy, &c.) Wealth or the Woody, wrote in the month of June last.

God

PATIE and PEGGIE. 177

God grant your lordship joy and health,
Lang days and rowth of real wealth ;
Safe to the land of cakes heav'n send ye, 195
And frae crofs accidents defend ye.

Edinb. March 25,

1721.

PATIE and PEGGIE: A Sang.

PATIE.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny? 4

PEGGIE.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confes o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour. 8

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd, and woo'd a lang haff year. 12

PEGGIE.

Then dinna pou me ; gently thus I fa'
Into my *Patie's* arms for good and a' :
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farrer 'till we've got the grace. 16

VOL. I.

N

PATIE.

178 PROLOGUE.

PATIE.

O charming armfou! hence ye cares away,
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;
 A' night I'll dream my kiffes o'er again,
 'Till that day come, that ye'll be a' my ain. 20

CHORUS.

*Sun gallop d rwn the westlin skie:,
 Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;
 O lash ye'r steeds, post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day;
 And if ye'r weary'd, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.* 24

PROLOGUE.

*Spoke by one of the young gentlemen, who, for their
 improvement and diversion, acted the Orphan, and
 Cheats of Scapin, the last night of the year 1719.*

BRAW lads, and bonny lasses, welcome here,—
 But wha's to entertain ye,—never speer.—
 Quietness is best.—Tho' we be leal and true,
 Good sense and wit's mair than we dare avow.—
 Some body says to some fowk, we're to blame, 5
 That 'tis a scandal and black-burning shame
 To thole young callands thus to grow sae snack,
 And lear—O mighty crimes!—to speak and act—
 Stage-plays, quoth *Dunce*, are unco' things indeed!
 He said, he gloom'd,—and shook his thick boss head.
 They'r *Papery*, *Papery*!—cry'd his nibour neist,
 Contriv'd at Rome by some malignant priest,

To

PROLOGUE. 179

To witch away fowks minds frae doing well,
As saith *Rab Ker*, *M' Millan* and *M' Neil*.

But let them tauk.—In spite of ilk cadaver, 15
We'll cherish wit, and scorn their fead or favour;
We'll strive to bring in active eloquence,
Tho' for a while upon our fame's expence.—
I'm wrang.—Our fame will mount with mettled
carles,

And for the rest, we'll be aboon their snarls.— 20
Knock down the fools, wha dare with empty rage
Spit in the face of virtue and the stage.

'Cause hereticks in pulpits thump and rair,
Must naithing orthodox b' expected there?
Because a rump cut off a royal head, 25
Must not anither parli'ment succeed?

Thus tho' the *Drama's* aft debauch'd and rude,
Must we, for some are bad, refuse the good?
Answer me that—if there be ony log,

That's come to keek upon us here *incog*, 30
Anes, twice, thrice.—But now I think on't, stay,
I've something else to do, and must away —

This prologue was design'd for use and sport,
The chiel that made it, let him answer for't.

16. *Rab Ker*.) One who puts the canting phrases of
M' Millan and *M' Neil* (two non-conforming hill preachers)
into wretched rhyme.

The Life and Acts of, or, an Elegy on
PATIE BIRNIE,

*The famous fiddler of Kinghorn ;
Who gart the lieges gawff and girn ay,
Aft 'till the cock proclaim'd the morn :
Tho' baith his * weeds and mirth were pirny,
He roos'd these things were langest worn,
The brown ale barrel was his kirn ay,
And faithfully he toom'd his horn.*

And then besides his valiant acts,
At bridals he wan many placks.

HAB. SIMPSON.

IN sonnet sleet the man I sing,
His rare engine in rhyme shall ring,
Wha slaid the stick out o'er the string
With sic an art ;
Wha sang fae sweetly to the spring,
And rais'd the heart. 6

Kinghorn may rue the ruefou day
That lighted *Patie* to his clay,
Wha gart the hearty billies stay,
And spend their cash,
To see his snowt, to hear him play,
And gab fae gash. 12

* Weeds and mirth were pirny.) When a piece of stuff is wrought unequally, part coarse and part fine, of yarn of different colours, we call it pirny, from the pirn, or little hollow reed which holds the yarn in the shuttle.

When

Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE. 181

When strangers landed, wow fae thrang
Fuffin and peghing he wa'd gang,
And crave their pardon that fae lang
He'd been a coming ;
Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
And fa'to bumming. 18

Your honour's father dead and gane,
For him he first wad make his mane,
But soon his face cou'd make ye fain
When he did fough,
O wiltu, wiltu do't again!
And gran'd and leugh.

This fang he made frae his ain head,
And eke *the auld man's mare she's dead,*
Tho' peets and turfs and a's to lead,
O fy upon her!
A bonny auld thing this indeed,
An't like ye'r honour: 30

13. When strangers landed.) It was his custom to watch when strangers went into a publick house, and attend them, pretending they had sent for him, and that he could not get away sooner from other company.

19. Your honour's father.) It was his first compliment to one (tho' he had never perhaps seen him, nor any of his predecessors) that well he kende his honour's father, and been merry with him, and an excellent good-fellow he was.

21. Soon his face cou'd make ye fain,) Shewing a very particular comicalness in his looks and gestures, laughing and groaning at the same time ; he plays, sings, and breaks in with some queer tale twice or thrice e'er he get through the tune. His beard is no small addition to the diversion.

23. O Wiltu.) The name of a tune he play'd upon all occasions.

25. The fang he made.) He boasted of being poet as well as musician.

182 Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE.

After ilk tune he took a fowp,
 And bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp,
 That to the papists country scowp,
 To lear ha, h's,
 Frae chiels that sing hap, flap and lowp,
 Wantin the B—s. 36

That beardie's capons are na men,
 We by their frozie springs might ken;
 But ours, he said, cou'd vigour len'
 To men o' weir,
 And gar them stout to battle sten'
 Withoutten fear. 42

How first he practis'd, ye shall hear,
 The harn-pan of an umquhile mare,
 He strung, and strak sounds saft and clear,
 Out o' the pow,
 Which fir'd his faul, and gart his ear
 With gladness glow. 48

Sae some auld-gabet poets tell,
Jove's nimble son and leckie snell
 Made the first fiddle of a shell,
 On which *Apollo*,
 With meikle pleasure play'd himsel
 Baith jig and solo. 54

O *Jonny Stocks*, what comes o' thee,
 I'm sure thou'lt break thy heart and die;
 Thy *B. rnie* gane, thou't never be
 Nor blyth nor able
 To shake thy short houghs merrily
 Upon a table. 60

32. Bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp, &c.) Curs'd strongly
 the light-headed fellows who run to Italy to learn soft musick.

51. 'Tuque testudo, resonare septem

'Callida nervis.'

HORACE.

55. *Jonny Stocks*.) A man of a low stature, but very broad,
 a loving friend of his, who used to dance to his musick.

How

Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE. 183

How pleasant was't to see thee diddle,
And dance sae finely to his fiddle,
With nose forgainst a lass's middle,
And briskly brag,
With cutty steps to ding the striddle,
And gar them fag. 66

He catch'd a crispy webster loun
At runklung o' his deary's gown,
And wi' a rung came o'er his crown,
For being there ;
But starker thrums got *Patie* down,
And knooft him fair. 72

Wae worth the dog, he maist had fell'd him,
 Revengfu' *Pate* aft green'd to geld him,
 He aw'd a mends, and that he tell'd him,
 And bann'd to do't,
 He took the tid, and fairly fell'd him
 For a recruit. 78

Pate was a carle of canny sence,
And wanted ne'er a right bein spence,
And laid up dollars in defence
 'Gainst eild and gout,
Well judging gear in future tence
 Cou'd stand for wit. 84

Yet prudent fowk may take the pet:
Anes thrawart porter wadna let

80. Bein spence.) Good store of provision, the spence being a little apartment for meal, flesh, &c.

36. Anes thrawart porter, &c.) This happened in the duke of Rothes's time; his grace was giving an entertainment, and Patrick being deny'd entry by the servants, he either from a cunning view of the lucky consequence, or in a passion, did what's described.

184 Elegy on PATIE BIRNIE.

Him in while latter-meat was hett,
He gaw'd fou fair,
Flang in his fiddle o'er the yett,
Whilk ne'er did mair. 99

But profit may arise frae loss,
Sae *Pate* gat comfort by his cross :
Soon as he wan within the closs,
He dougly drew in
Mair gear frae ilka gentle gofs
Than bought a new ane. 96

When lying bedfast sick and fair,
To parish priest he promis'd fair,
He ne'er wad drink for ony mair :
But hale and tight,
He prov'd the auld man to a hair,
Strute ilka night. 102

The hally dad with care essays
To wile him frae his wanton ways,
And tell'd him of his promise twice :
Pate answer'd cliver,
' What tents what people raving says
' When in a fiver.' 108

At *Bothwell-Brig* he gade to fight,
But being wise as he was wight,
He thought it shaw'd a faul but flight,
Daufily to stand,
And let gun-powder wrang his fight,
Or fidle-hand.

109. Bothwell-brig.) Upon Clyde, where the famous battle was fought Anno 1679, for the determination of some kittle points. But I dare not assert that it was religion carried my heroes to the field.

CUPID *thrown into the South-Sea.* 185.

Right pawkily he left the plain,
Nor o'er his shoulder look'd again,
But scour'd o'er moss and moor amain,
To *Rieky* straight,
And tald how many whigs were slain
Before they faught. 120

Sae I've lamented *Patie's* end;
But least your grief o'er far extend,
Come dight your cheeks, ye'r brows unbend,
And lift ye'r head,
For to a' *Britain* be it kend
He is not dead. 126

January 25,
1721.

CUPID *thrown into the South-Sea.* ○

MYRTILLA, as like *Venus's* fell
As e'er an egg was like anither,
Anes *Cupid* met upon the *Mall*,
And took her for his bonny mither.

He wing'd his way up to her breast;
She started, he cry'd, Mam, 'tis me;
The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,
Flang the arch-gytling in *South-Sea*.

Frae thence he raise wi' gilded wings,
His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd; 10
Deel's i' the sea, quoth he, it dings;
Syne back to *Mall* and park he rang'd.

Breathing

186 *The SATYR's Comick Project, &c.*

Breathing mischief, the god look'd gurly,
With transfers a' his darts were feather'd;
He made a horrid hurly burly, 15
Where *Peaus* and *Belles* were thickest gather'd.

He tentily *Myrtill* a' sought,
And in the thrang '*Change-Alley* got her;
He drew his bow, and quick as thought
With a braw new subscription shot her. 20

*The SATYR's Comick Project for recovering
a young Bankrupt Stock-jobber.*

A S O N G.

ON the shore of a low ebbing sea,
A fighting young jobber was seen
Staring wishfully at an old tree
Which grew on the neighbouring green. 4
There's a tree that can finish the strife
And disorder that wars in my breast,
What need one be pain'd with his life,
When a halter can purchase his rest? 8

Sometimes he would stamp and look wild,
Then roar out a terrible curse
On bubbles that had him beguil'd,
And left ne'er a doit in his purse: 12
A *Satyr* that wander'd along,
With a laugh to his raving reply'd;
The savage maliciously sung,
And jok'd while the stock-jobber cry'd. 16

From the beginning to the 20th line, sing to the tune of
Collin's complaint,

To

To the MUSICK CLUB. 187

To mountains and rocks he complain'd,
 His cravat was bath'd with his tears;
 The *Satyr* drew near like a friend,
 And bid him abandon his fears. 20
 Said he, have ye been at the sea,
 And met with a contrary wind,
 That you rail at fair fortune so free?
 Don't blame the poor goddess, she's blind. 24
 Come hold up thy head, foolish wight,
 I'll teach thee the loss to retrieve;
 Observe me this project aright,
 And think not of hanging, but live. 28
Hecatiffa conceited and old,
 Affects in her airs to seem young,
 Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
 And plenty of nonsense her tongue. 32
 Lay siege to her for a short space,
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkl'd or grey;
 Extol her for beauty and grace,
 And doubt not of gaining the day. 36
 In wedlock ye fairly may join,
 And when of her wealth you are sure,
 Make free with the old woman's coin,
 And purchase a sprightly young W——. 40

To the MUSICK CLUB.

E'ER on old *Shinar's* plain the fortress rose,
 Rear'd by those giants who durst heav'n oppose;

From the 21st line, where the *Satyr* begins to speak, to the
 tune of, The Kirk wad let me be.

An

188 To the MUSICK CLUB.

An universal language mankind us'd,
'Till daring crimes brought accents more confus'd;
Discord and jar for punishment were hurl'd 5
On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar speech with notes harmonious clear,
Transposing thought, gave pleasure to the ear:
Then musick in its full perfection shin'd,
When man to man melodious spoke his mind. 10

As when a richly fraughted fleet is lost
In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coast,
Down many fathoms of the liquid mass,
The artist dives in ark of oak, or brass,
Snatches some ingots of *Peruvian* ore, 15
And with his prize rejoicing makes the shore.
Oft this attempt is made, and much they find;
They swell in wealth, tho' much is left behind.

Amphion's sons, with minds elate and bright,
Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight, 20
And daily gain new stores of pleasing sounds
To glad the earth, fixing to spleen its bounds;
While vocal tubes and consort strings engage
To speak the dialect of the golden age.
'Then you whose symphony of souls proclaim 25
Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's fame,
And shew that musick may have as good fate
In *Albion's* glens, as *Umbria's* green retreat:
And with *Correlli's* soft *Italian* song
Mix *Cowdon Knows*, and *Winter nights are long*. 30
Nor should the martial *Pibrough* be despis'd,
Own'd and refin'd by you, these shall the more be
priz'd.

Each

WINE and MUSICK. 189

Each ravish'd ear extols your heavenly art,
Which sooths our care, and elevates the heart,
Whilst hearer sounds the martial ardors move, 35
And liquid notes invite to shades and love.

Hail, safe restorer of distemper'd minds,
That with delight the raging passion binds :
Extatick concord only banish'd hell,
Most perfect where the perfect beings dwell. 40
Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
Long may they relish thy transporting sweets.

WINE and MUSICK, an Ode.

S Y M O N.

O Colin, how dull it's to be,
When a soul is sinking wi' pain,
To one who is pained like me :
My life's grown a load,
And my faculties nod, 5
While I sigh for cold Jeannie in vain ;
By beauty and scorn I am slain :
The wound it is mortal and deep,
My pulses beat low in each vein,
And threaten eternal sleep. 10

C O L I N.

Come, here are the best cures for thy wounds,
O boy, the cordial bowl !
With soft harmonious sounds,
Wounds, these can cure all wounds,
With soft harmonious sounds, 15
And pull off the cordial bowl :
O Symon, sink thy care, and tune up thy drooping soul ;
Above,

190 *On the Great Eclipse of the Sun.*

Above, the gods bienly bouze,
 When round they meet in a ring ;
 They cast away care, and carouse 20
 Their *Nectar*, while they sing.
 Then drink and chearfully sing,
 These make the blood circle fine ;
 Strike up the musick,
 The safest physick, 25
 Compounded with sparkling wine.

*On the Great Eclipse of the SUN, the 22d of
 April, nine o'clock in the morning, wrote a
 month before it happened, March 1715.*

NOW do I press among the learned throng,
 To tell a great Eclipse in little song.
 At me nor scheme, nor demonstration ask,
 'That is our *Gregory's*, or fam'd *Halley's* task :
 'Tis they who are conversant with each star, 5
 We know how planets planets rays debar.
 This to pretend, my muse is not so bold,
 She only echos what she has been told.

Our rolling globe will scarce have made the sun
 Seem half way up *Olympus* to have run, 10
 When night's pale queen in her oft changed way,
 Will intercept in direct line his ray,
 And make black night usurp the throne of day. }

N. B. The order of time in placing some of my manuscript poems, with regard to them formerly printed, is not observed in some few of the following, but their dates shall be given.

4. Our *Gregory's*.) Mr. Gregory, professor of mathematics in Edinburgh. Fam'd *Halley*, fellow of the Royal Society, London.

9. Rolling globe.) According to the Copernican system. The

On the Great Eclipse of the Sun. 191

The curious will attend that hour with care,
And wish no clouds may hover in the air, 15
To dark the medium, and obstruct from sight
The gradual motion and decay of light,
Whilst thoughtless fools will view the water pail,
To see which of the planets will prevail :
For then they think the sun and moon make war ; 20
Thus nurses tales oftimes the judgment mar.

When this strange darkness overshades the plains,
'Twill give an odd surprise t' unwarned swains ;
Plain honest hinds, who do not know the cause,
Nor know of orbs, their motions or their laws, 25
Will from the half-plough'd furrows homeward
bend,

In dire confusion, judging that the end
Of time approacheth ; thus possess'd with fear,
They'll think the general conflagration near.
The traveller benighted on the road 30
Will turn devout, and supplicate his God.

Cocks with their careful mates and younger fry,
As if't were evening, to their roosts will fly.
The horned cattle will forget to feed,
And come home lowing from the grassie mead. 35
Each bird of day will to his nest repair,
And leave to bats and owls the dusky air.

The lark and little robin's softer lay
Will not be heard till the return of day.
Now this will be great part of *Europe's* case, 40
While *Phebe's* as a mask on *Phæbus'* face.

The unlearn'd clowns who don't our *Æra* know,
From this dark *Friday* will their ages show ;
As I have often heard old country men
Talk of dark *Monday*, and their ages then. 45

Not

192 *The Gentleman's Qualifications.*

Not long shall last this strange uncommon gloom
 When light dispels the ploughman's fear of doom ;
 With merry heart he'll lift his ravish'd fight
 Up to the heavens, and welcome back the light.
 How just's the motions of these whirling spheres! 50
 Which ne'er can err while time is met by years.
 How vast is little man's capacious soul!
 That knows how orbs thro' weilds of *Æther* roll.
 How great's the power of that omnifick hand!
 Who gave them motion by his wise command, 55
 That they should not, while time had being, stand. }

*The GENTLEMAN'S QUALIFICATIONS, as debated by some of the Fellows
 of the EASY CLUB, April 1715.*

FROM different ways of thinking comes debate, }
 This we despise, and that we over-rate,
 Just as the fancy takes, we love or hate.
 Hence *Whig* and *Tory* live in endless jar,
 And most of families in civil war : 5
 Hence 'mongst the easiest men beneath the skies,
 Even in their easy dome, debates arise :
 As late they did with strength of judgment scan
 These qualities that form a gentleman.

Easy Club.) A juvenile society, of which I am a fellow, from the general antipathy we all seem'd to have at the ill-humour and contradictions which arise from trifles, especially those which constitute *Whig* and *Tory*, without having the grand reason for it; this engaged us to take a pleasure in the sound of an *Easy Club*.

The Club, by one of our special laws, must not exceed twelve; and any gentleman at his admission was to take the name of some Scots author, or one eminent for something extraordinary, for obscuring his real name in the register of our lucubrations, such as are named in this debate, *Tippermalech*, *Buchanan*, *Hector Boece*, &c.

First

The Gentleman's Qualifications. 193

First *Tippermaloch* pled with *Spanish* grace 10
That gentry only sprung from antient race,
Whose names in old records of time were fix'd,
In whose rich veins some royal blood was mix'd.
I being a poet sprung from a *Douglass'* loin,
In this proud thought did with the doctor join; 15
With this addition, if they could speak sense,
Ambitious I, ah! had no more pretence.
Buchanan, with stiff argument and bold,
Pled gentry took its birth from powerful gold.
Him *Hector Boete* join'd, and argued strong; 20
Said they, to wealth that title must belong;
If men are rich, they're gentle; and if not,
You'll own their birth and sense are soon forgot.
Pray say, said they, how much respectful grace
Demands an old red-coat and mangled face? 25
Or one, if he could like an angel preach,
If he to no rich benefice can reach?
Ev'n progeny of dukes are at a stand
How to make out bare gentry without land.
But still the doctor would not quit the field; 30
But that rich upstarts should to birth-right yield;
He grew more stiff, nor would the plea let go,
Said he was right, and swore it should be so.

But happy we, who have such wholesome laws,
Which without pleading can decide a cause. 35
To this good law recourse we had at last,
That throws off wrath, and makes our friendship fast;
In which the legislators laid a plot,
To end all controversy by a vote.

Yet that we more good-humor might display, 40
We frankly turn'd the vote another way;

As in each thing we common topicks shun,
 So the great prize, nor birth nor riches won.
 The vote was carried thus, that easy he
 Who should three years a social fellow be, 45
 And to our *Easy Club* give no offence,
 After *triennial* tryal, should commence
 A gentleman, which gives as just a claim
 To that great title, as the blast of fame
 Can give to them who trade in human gore, 50
 Or those who heap up hoards of coined ore;
 Since in our social friendship nought's design'd
 But what may raise and brighten up the mind;
 We aiming close to walk by virtue's rules,
 To find true honour's self, and leave her shade to
 fools. 55

On W I T.

MY easy friends, since ye think fit
 This night to lucubrate on wit;
 And since ye judge that I compose
 My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,
 I'll give my judgment in a sang, 5
 And here it comes, be't right or wrang.
 But first of a' I'll tell a tale
 That with my case runs parallel.

There was a manting lad in *Fife*,
 Wha cou'd na for his very life 10

3. Since ye judge, &c.) Being but an indifferent sort of an orator, my friends would merrily alledge that I was not so happy in prose as rhyme; it was carried in a vote, against which there is no opposition; and the night appointed for some lessons on wit, I was ordered to give my thoughts in verse.

Speak without stammering very lang,
 Yet never manted when he sang.
 His father's kiln he anes saw burning,
 Which gart the lad run breathless mourning;
 Hameward with cliver strides he lap, 15
 To tell his dady his mishap.
 At distance e'er he reach'd the door,
 He stood and rais'd a hideous roar.
 His father when he heard his voice,
 Stept out and said, Why a' this noise? 20
 The calland gap'd and glowr'd about,
 But no ae word cou'd he lug out.
 His dad cry'd, kening his defect,
 Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck.
 Then soon he gratify'd his fire, 25
 And sang aloud, *your kiln's a-fire.*

Now ye'll allow there's wit in that,
 To tell a tale fae very pat.
 Bright wit appears in mony a shape,
 Which some invent and others ape. 30
 Some shaw their wit in wearing claiaths,
 And some in coining of new aiths;
 There's crambo wit in making rhyme,
 And dancing wit in beating time:
 There's mettl'd wit in story-telling, 35
 In writing grammar, and right spelling:
 Wit shines in knowledge of politicks,
 And wow! what wit's amang the criticks.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play
 In strains ironic with that heavenly ray,
 Rays which the human intellects refine,
 And makes the man with brilliant lustre shine,
 Marking him sprung from origin divine.

196 KEITHA: *A Pastoral.*

Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
 So may loose wits regard no sacred laws : 45
 That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake,
 So 'midst his vices sinks the witty rake.
 But when on first-rate virtues wit attends,
 It both itself and virtue recommends, }
 And challenges respect where-e'er its blaze extends. }

On FRIENDSHIP.

THE earth-born clod who hugs his idol pelf,
 His only friends are *Mammon* and himself:
 The drunken sots, who want the art to think,
 Still cease from friendship when they cease from drink.
 The empty fop, who scarce for man will pass, 5
 Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his glass.

Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,
 Which to complete the virtues all combine,
 And only found 'mongst men who can espy,
 The merits of his friend without envy. 10
 Thus all pretending friendship's but a dream,
 Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

KEITHA: *A Pastoral, lamenting the Death
 of the Right Hon. MARY Countess of
 Wigtoun.*

R I N G A N.

O 'ER ilka thing a gen'ral sadness hings !
 The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings ;
 My sheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
 And seem to think as in a dumpish mood.

Hark

KEITHA: A Pastoral. 197

Hark how the winds souch mournfu' throu' the broom,
The very lift puts on a heavy gloom:
My neighbour *Colin* too, he bears a part,
His face speaks out the fairness of his heart;
Tell, tell me, *Colin*, for my bodding thought
A bang of fears into my breast has brought. 10

COLIN.

Where hast thou been, thou simpleton, wha speers
The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears?
Wha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith
The warld receives by lovely *Keitha's* death?
The bonniest sample of what's good and kind; 15
Fair was her make, and heav'nly was her mind.
But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain
Leaves us to sigh, tho' a' our sighs are vain;
For never mair she'll grace the heartsome green,
Ay heartsome, when she deign'd there to be seen. 20
Speak, flow'ry meadows, where she us'd to wauk;
Speak, flocks and burds, wha've heard her sing or
tauik;
Did ever you sae meikle beauty bear?
Or ye sae mony heav'nly accents hear?
Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air, 25
Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye westlin winds that gently us'd to play
On her white breast, and steal some sweets away,
Whilst her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
Which gratefu' *Flora* took to feed her bees; 30
Bear on your wings, round earth, her spotless fame,
Worthy that noble race from whence she came:

32. Worthy that noble race.) She was daughter to the late Earl Marshal, the third of that honourable rank of nobility.

198 K E I T H A : A Pastoral.

Resounding braes, where e'er she us'd to lean,
 And view the cristal burn glide o'er the green,
 Return your echoes to our mournfu' sang, 35
 And let the stream in murmurs bear't along.
 Ye unkend powers, wha water haunt or air,
 Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

C O L I N.

Ah! wha cou'd tell the beauties of her face?
 Her mouth, that never op'd but wi' a grace? 40
 Her een, which did with heav'nly sparkles low?
 Her modest cheek, flush'd with a rosie glow?
 Her fair brent brow, smooth as th' unrunckled deep,
 When a' the winds are in their caves asleep?
 Her presence, like a simmer's morning ray, 45
 Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay.
 Now twinn'd of life, these charms look cauld and blae,
 And what before gave joy, now makes us wae.
 Her goodness shin'd in ilka pious deed, —
 A subject, *Ringan*, for a lofty reed! 50
 A shepherd's sang maun sic high thoughts decline,
 Lest rustick notes should darken what's divine.
 Youth, beauty, graces, a' that's good and fair
 Lament, for lovely *Keitha* is nae mair.

R I N G A N.

How tenderly she smooth'd our master's mind, 55
 When round his manly waist her arms she twin'd,
 And look'd a thousand fast things to his heart,
 While native sweetness sought nae help frae art!
 To him her merit still appear'd mair bright,
 As yielding she own'd his superior right. 60
 Baith fast and sound he slept within her arms,
 Gay were his dreams, the influence of her charms.
 Soon

KEITHA: A Pastoral. 199

Soon as the morning dawn'd he'd draw the screen,
And watch the op'ning of her fairer een ;
Whence sweetest rays gusht out in sic a thrang,
Beyond expression in my rural sang.

COLIN.

O *Clementina* ! sprouting fair remains
Of her, wha was the glory of our plains, 70
Dear innocence, with infant-darkness blest,
Which hides the happiness that thou hast mist,
May a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,
And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill, 75
And a' she gae, she geed it wi' good will ;
Fow mony, mony a ane will mind that day
On which frae us she's tane sae soon away ;
Baith hynds and herds, wha's cheeks bespake nae
scant,
And throu' the howms could whistle, sing and rant,
Will miss her fair, 'till happily they find
Anither in her place sae good and kind.
The lasses wha did at her graces mint,
Ha'e by her death their bonniest pattern tint.
O ilka ane who did her bounty skair, 85
Lament, for gen'rous *Keitha* is nae mair.

COLIN.

O *Ringan, Ringan* ! things gang sae uneven,
I canna well take up the will of heav'n.
Our crosses toughly last us mony a year,
But unco soon our blessings disappear. 90

200 *Address to the Council of Edinburgh.*

R I N G A N.

I'll tell thee, *Colin*, my last *Sunday's* note,
I tented weil mae *Thomas* ilka jot.
The powers aboon are cautious as they're just,
And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle trust
To this unconstant earth, with what's divine, 95
Lest in laigh damps they should their lustre tine.
Sae let's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
And never value life by length of years :
But as we can in goodness it employ,
Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy. 100
Come, *Colin*, dight your cheeks and banish care,
Our lady's happy, tho' with us nae mair.

To the Right Honourable the Town-Council of
EDINBURGH,

The Address of ALLAN RAMSAY.

Y^OUR poet humbly means and shaws,
That contrair to just rights and laws
I've suffer'd muckle wrang
By Lucky *Reid*, and ballad-fingers,
Wha thum'd with their coarfe dirty fingers 5
Sweet *Edie's* funeral-sang.
They spoil'd my sense and staw my cash,
My muse's pride murgully'd,
And printing it like their vile trash,
The honest lieges whilly'd. 10

4. Lucky Reid.) A printer's relict, who with the hawkers re-printed my pastoral on Mr. Addison, without my knowledge, on ugly paper, full of errors.

Thus

Address to the Council of Edinburgh. 201

Thus undone, to *London*
It gade to my disgrace,
Sae pimpin and limpin
In rags wi' bluther'd face.

Yet gleg-eyed friends throw the disguise
Receiv'd it as a dainty prize, 15

For a' it was sae hav'ren,
Gart *Lintot* take it to his prefs,
And clead it in a braw new drefs,
Syne took it to the tavern. 20

But tho' it was made clean and braw,
Sae fair it had been knoited,
It blather'd buff before them a',
And aften times turn'd doited.

It griev'd me, and reav'd me 25
Of kindly sleep and rest,
By carlings and gorlings
To be sae fair opprest.

Wherefore to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,
But wisely had the good town's bridle, 30
My case I plainly tell,
And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your word of weight, when now I crave
To guide my gear my fell.

11. To *London*.) One of their uncorrect copies was reprinted at *London* by *Bernard Lintot*, in *Folio* first, before he printed it a second time from a correct copy of my own, with the honourable *Mr. Burchet's* English version of it.

23. *Blather'd buff*.) Spoke nonsense, from words being wanting, and many wrong spell'd and chang'd; such as gras for gars, praise for phrase, &c.

32. As your ain.) A free citizen.

33. Your word of weight.) To interpose their just authority in my favour, and grant me an act to ward off these little pirates, which I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of.

Then

Then clean and fair the type shall be,
The paper like the snaw,
Nor shall our town think shame wi' me,
When we gang far awa.
What's wanted, if granted
Beneath your honour'd wing,
Baith hantily and cantily
Your supplicant shall sing.

*Inscription on the Gold Tea-pot, gain'd by Sir
JAMES CUNNINGHAM of Miln-
craig, Bart.*

AFTER the gaining *Edinburgh's* prize
The day before with running thrice,
Me *Milncraig's* rock most fairly won,
When thrice again the course he run :
New for diversion 'tis my share
To run three heats, and please the fair.

Inscription engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a Punch-bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the Train'd-Bands of Edinburgh, and gain'd by Captain CH. CROCKAT'S Swallow.

CHARGE me with *Nantz* and limpid spring,
Let sour and sweet be mixt,
Bend round a health sync to the King,
To *Edinburgh's* captains next,

42. Shall sing.) There being abundance of their petitioners who daily oblige themselves to pray.

Wha

To the WHIN-BUSH Club. 203

Wha form'd me in fae blyth a shape, 5
 And gave me lasting honours,
 Take up my ladle, fill and lape,
 And say, fairfa' the donors.

To the WHIN-BUSH CLUB, The Bill of
Allan Ramsay.

OF *Crawfurd-Moor*, born in *Leadhill*,
 Where min'ral springs *Glengoner* fill,
 Which joins sweet flowing *Clyde*,
 Between auld *Crawfurd Lindsay's* towers,
 And where *Deneetne* rapid pours 5
 His stream thro' *Glotta's* tide;
 Native of *Clydsdale's* upper ward,
 Bred fifteen summers there,
 Tho', to my loss, I'm no a laird
 By birth, my title's fair 10
 To bend wi' ye and spend wi' ye
 And evening, and gaffaw,
 If merit and spirit
 Be found without a flaw.

Whin-Bush.) This club consists of Clydsdale-shire gentlemen, who frequently meet at a diverting hour, and keep up a good understanding amongst themselves over a friendly bottle. And from a charitable principle, easily collect into their treasurer's box a small fund, which has many a time relieved the distresses of indigent persons of that shire.

1. *Leadhill*.) In the parish of *Crawfurd-Moor*, famous for the lead and gold mines belonging to the Earl of *Hoptoun*.

2. *Glengoner*.) The name of a small river, which takes its rise from the *Lead-hills*, and enters *Clyde* between the castle of *Crawfurd* and the mouth of the *Deneetne*, another of the branches of *Clyde*.

Since

204 *An Epistle to Mr. ARBUCKLE.*

Since doufly ye do nought at random, 15
 Then take my bill to *Awisandum*;
 And if there's nae objection,
 I'll deem't my honour and be glad
 To come beneath your *Whin-bush* shade,
 And claim to its protection. 20
 If frae the caverns of a head
 That's boss, a storm should blaw,
 Etling wi' spite to rive my reed,
 And give my muse a fa',
 When poring and soaring 25
 O'er *Heleconian* heights,
 She traces these places
 Where *Cyntbius* delights.

*An Epistle to Mr. JAMES ARBUCKLE
 of Belfast, A. M.*

EDINBURGH, *January 1719.*

AS errant knight with sword and pistol,
 Bestrides his steed with mighty fistle;
 Then stands some time in jumbled swither
 To ride in this road or that ither;
 At last spurs on, and disna care for 5
 A how, a what way, or a wherefore.

Or like extemporary quaker,
 Wasting his lungs, t' enlighten weaker
 Lanthorns of clay, where light is wanti^g.g,
 With formless phrase, and formal canting; 10
 While *Jacob Behmen's* salt does season,
 And faves his thought frae corrupt reason,

11. *Jacob Behmen.*) A quaker, who wrote volumes of an
 unintelligible enthusiasti^k bombast,

Gowling

An Epistle to Mr. ARBUCKLE. 205

Gowling aloud with motions queereſt,
Yerking theſe words out which lie neareſt.

Thus I (no longer to illuſtrate 15
With ſimilies, leſt I ſhould frustrate
Deſign *Laconick* of a letter,
With heap of language and no matter,)
Bang'd up my blyth auld-fashion'd whistle,
To ſowf ye o'er a ſhort epiſtle, 20
Without rule, compaſſes, or charcoal,
Or ſerious ſtudy in a dark hole.
Three times I ga'e the muſe a rug,
Then bate my nails and claw'd my lug;
Still heavy, at the laſt my noſe 25
I prim'd with an inſpiring doſe.
Then did ideas dance, (dear ſafe us !)
As they'd been daſt—Here ends the preface.

Good Mr. *James Arbuckle*, Sir,
(That's merchant's ſtile, as clean as ſir) 30
Ye're welcome back to *Caledonie*,
Lang life and thriving light upon ye,
Harveſt, winter, ſpring and ſummer,
And ay keep up your heartſome humour,
That ye may thro' your lucky taſk go, 35
Of brushing up our ſiſter *Glaſgow*;
Where lads are dext'rous at improving,
And docile laſſes fair and loving:
But never tent theſe fellows girning,
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning, 40
And frae pure dulneſs are malicious,
Terming ilk turn that's witty, vicious.

Now, *Jamie*, in neift place, *Secundo*,
To give you what's your due in *mundo*;

26. Inſpiring doſe.) Vide Mr. Arbuckle's poem on ſnuff.

31. Welcome back.) Having been in his native Ireland
viſiting his friends,

That

206 *An Epistle to Mr. ARBUCKLE.*

That is to say in hame o'er phrases, 45
 To tell ye, men of mettle praises
 Ilk verse of your's when they can light on't,
 And trowth I think they're in the right on't;
 For there's ay something sae auldfarran,
 Sae flid, sae unconstrain'd and darrin, 50
 In ilka sample we have seen yet,
 That little better e'er has been yet.
 Sae much for that. My friend *Arbuckle*,
 I ne'er afore roos'd ane sae muckle.
 Fause flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle, 55
 That gars me hate it like auld *Nicol* :
 But when ane's of his merit conscious,
 He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunshes.

Thirdly, not tether'd to connection,
 But rattling by inspir'd direction, 60
 When ever fame, with voice like thunder,
 Sets up a chield a world's wonder,
 Either for slashing fowk to dead,
 Or having wind-mills in his head,
 Or poet, or an airy beau, 65
 Or ony twa-leg'd rary-show,
 They wha have never seen't are biffy
 To speer what like a carlie is he.

Imprimis, then, for tallness I
 Am five foot and four inches high : 70
 A black-a-vic'd snod dapper fallow,
 Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow.
 With phiz of a *Morocco* cut,
 Resembling a late man of wit,
 Auld-gabbet *Spec*, wha was sae cunning 75
 To be a dummie ten years running.

75. Auld-gabbet *Spec*.) The Spectator, who gives us a fictitious description of his short face and taciturnity, that he had been esteemed a dumb man for ten years.

Then

An Epistle to Mr. ARBUCKLE. 207

Then for the fabrick of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd.
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than show dislike by melancholy ; 80
Well judging a sower heavy face
Is not the trueest mark of grace.

I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton. 85
Great tables ne'er engag'd my wishes,
When crowded with o'er mony dishes,
A healthfu' stomach sharply set
Prefers a back-sey pipin het.

I never cou'd imagin't vicious 90
Of a fair fame to be ambitious :
Proud to be thought a comick poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it, }
I court occasion thus to show it. }

Second of thirdly——pray take heed, 95
Ye's get a short swatch of my creed.
To follow method negatively
Ye ken takes place of positively.
Well then, I m nowther Whig nor Tory,
Nor credit give to purgatory. 100

Transub, Loretta-house, and mae tricks,
As prayers to saints, *Katties* and *Patrick's* ;
Nor *Afgilite*, nor *Bess Clarksonian*,
Nor *Mountaineer*, nor *Mugletonian* ;

103. Nor *Afgilite*.) Mr. *Afgil*, a late member of parliament,
advanced (whether in jest or earnest I know not) some very
whimsical opinions, particularly, that people need not die if
they pleased, but be translated alive to heaven like Enoch and
Elijah. *Clarksonian*, *Bessy Clarkson* a Lanerksshire woman.
Vide the history of her life and principles.

104. *Mountaineer*.) Our wild folks, who always prefer a
hill-side to a church under any civil authority. *Mugletonian*,
a kind of Quakers, so called from one *Mugleton*. See *Leslie's*
Snake in the Grass,

Nor

208 *An Epistle to Mr. ARBUCKLE.*

Nor can believe, an't's nae great ferly,
In *Cotmoor* fowk, and *Andrew Harley*. 105

Neist *Anti-Toland*, *Blunt* and *W—*,
Know positively I'm a Christian,
Believing truths and thinking free,
Wishing thrawn parties wad agree. 110

Say, wad ye ken my gate of fending,
My income, management, and spending?
Born to nae lairdship, mair's the pity!
Yet denison of this fair city.
I make what honest shift I can, 115
And in my ain house am good-man,
Which stands on *Edinburgh's* street the sun-side,
I theek the out, and line the inside
Of mony a douse and witty path,
And baith ways gather in the cash; 120
Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
And keep a wife ay great wi' poet.
Contented I have sic a skair,
As does my business to a hair,
And fain wa'd prove to ilka *Scot* 125
That poortith's no the poet's lot.

Fourthly and lastly baith together,
Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
There's mony a canty carle and me
Wa'd be much comforted to see ye. 130
But if your outward be refractory,
Send us your inward manufactory.

106. *Cotmoor fowk*.) A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themselves on using vain repetitions in prayers of six or seven hours long; were pleased with ministers of no kind. *Andrew Harlaw*, a dull fellow of no education, was head of the party.

That

To the Earl of DALHOUSIE. 209

That when we're kedgy o'er our claret,
We correspond may with your spirit.

Accept of my kind wishes, with 135
The same to dons *Butler* and *Smith* ;
Health, wit and joy, fauls large and free,
Be a' your fates—fae God be wi' ye.

*To the Right Honourable WILLIAM Earl
of DALHOUSIE.*

Mæcenâs atavis edite regibus.

HORACE.

DALHOUSIE of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup and ornament,
For entertainment a wee while,
Accept this sonnet with a smile ;
Setting great *Horace* in my view, 5
He to *Mæcenâs*, I to you :
But that my muse may sing with ease,
I'll keep or drap him as I please.

How differently are fowk inclin'd,
There's hardly twa of the same mind ; 10
Some like to study, some to play,
Some on the links to win the day,
And gar the courser rin like wood,
A' drapin down with sweat and blood :
The winner syne assumes a look 15
Might gain a monarch or a duke.
Neist view the man with pauky face
Has mounted to a fashous place,

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P

Inclin'd

210 *To the Earl of DALHOUSIE.*

Inclin'd by an o'er-ruling fate,
 He's pleas'd with his uneasy state : 20
 Glowr'd at a while, he gangs fou braw,
 'Till frae his kittle post he fa'.

The *Lothian* farmer he likes best
 To be of good faugh riggs posselt,
 And sen upon a frugal stock, 25
 Where his forbeers had us'd the yoke :
 Nor is he fond to leave his wark,
 And venture in a rotten bark,
 Syne unto far aff countries steer
 On tumbling waves to gather gear. 30

The merchant wreck'd upon the main
 Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again ;
 That he had rather live on cakes,
 And shyrest swats, with landart malks,
 As rin the risk by storms to have, 35
 When he is dead, a living grave.
 But seas turn smooth, and he grows fain,
 And fairly takes his word again :
 Tho' he shou'd to the bottom sink,
 Of poverty he downa think. 40

Some like to laugh their time away,
 To dance while pipes or fiddles play,
 And have nae sense of ony want
 As lang as they can drink and rant.

The rat'ling drum and trumpet's tout 45
 Delight young swankies that are stout :
 What his kind-frighted mother ugs,
 Is musick to the foger's lugs.

The

HORACE to VIRGIL: 211

The hunter with his hounds and hawks
 Bangs up afore his wife awakes ; 50
 Nor speers gin fire has ought to say,
 But scowrs o'er highs and hows a' day,
 'Throw mofs and moor, nor does he care
 Whether the day be foul or fair,
 If he his trusty hounds can cheer 55
 To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
 And won a lasting wreath of bays,
 Is a' my wish ; well pleas'd to sing
 Beneath a tree, or by a spring, 60
 While lads and lasses on the mead
 Attend my *Caledonian* reed,
 And with the sweetest notes rehearse
 My thoughts, and roose me for my verse.

If you, my lord, class me amang 65
 Those who have sung baith fast and strang,
 Of smiling love or doughty deed,
 To starns sublime I'll lift my head.

HORACE to VIRGIL, on his taking a Voyage to ATHENS.

Sic te diwa potens Cypri, —

O Cyprian goddesses twinkle clear,
 And Helen's brithers ay appear ;
 Ye stars wha shed a lucky light,
 Auspicious ay keep in a fight ;
 King *Eol* grant a tydie tirl,
 But boast the blast that rudely whirl ;

Dear ship, be canny with your care,
 At *Athens* land my *Virgil* fair,
 Syne soon and safe, baith lith and spaul,
 Bring hame the tae haff o' my faul.

10

Daring and unco' stout he was,
 With heart hool'd in three sloughs of brass,
 Wha ventur'd first on the rough sea,
 With hempen branks and horse of tree :
 Wha on the weak machine durst ride,
 Thro' tempests, and a rairing tide ;
 Nor clinty craigs, nor hurricane,
 That drives the *Adriatick* main,
 And gars the ocean gowl and quake,
 Cou'd e'er a soul sae sturdy shake.
 The man wha cou'd sic rubs win o'er,
 Without a wink at death might glowr,
 Wha unconcern'd can take his sleep
 Amang the monsters of the deep.

15

20

Jove vainly twin'd the sea and eard,
 Since mariners are not afraid,
 With laws of nature to dispense,
 And impiously treat providence.

25

Audacious men at nought will stand
 When vicious passions have command.

30

Prometheus ventur'd up and staw
 A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha' ;
 Unsonsy thist, which fevers brought,
 In bikes, which fowk like sybous hought :
 Then death erft slaw began to ling,
 And fast as haps to dart his sting.

35

Neist *Dedalus* must contradict
 Nature forsooth, and feathers stick

Upon

An ODE to Mr. F——.

213

Upon his back, syne upward streek,
And in at *Jove's* high winnocks keek,
While *Hercules*, wi's timber mell
Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.

40

What is't man winna etle at?
E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat:
Tho' *Jove* be very laith to kill,
They winna let his bowt ly still.

45

An ODE to Mr. F——.

Solvitur acris hiems——

HORACE.

NOW gowans sprout and lavrocks sing,
And welcome west winds warm the spring,
O'er hill and dale they fastly blaw,
And drive the winter's cauld awa.
The ships lang gyzen'd at the peer
Now spread their sails and smoothly steer,
The nags and nowt hate wiss'en'd strae,
And frisking to the fields they gae;
Nor hynds wi' elson and hemp lingle,
Sit solling shoon out o'er the ingle,
Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
That late were clade wi' snaw and frost,
With her gay train the *Paphian* queen
By moon-light dances on the green;
She leads, while nymphs and graces sing,
And trip around the fairy ring.
Mean time poor *Vulcan* hard at thrift,
Gets mony a fair and heavy lift,
Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

5

10

15

20
Now

214 *To the Ph——, an ODE.*

Now leave your fitted on the dew,
 And busk ye'r fell in habit new.
 Be gratefu' to the guiding powers,
 And blythly spend your easy hours.
 O kanny *F——* ! tutor time, 30
 And live as lang's ye'r in your prime ;
 That ill-bred death has nae regard
 To king or cottar, or a laird ;
 As soon a castle he'll attack,
 As waus of divots roof'd wi' thack. 35
 Immediately we'll a' take flight
 Unto the mirky realms of night,
 As stories gang, with gaisls to room,
 In gloumie *Pluto's* gousty dome ;
 Bid fair good day to pleasure syne 40
 Of bony lassies and red wine.

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
 Dares waste an hour of precious time ;
 And since our life's sae unko short,
 Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't. 45

To the Ph——, an ODE.

*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
 Soracte.——*

HORACE.

LOOK up to *Pentland's* tow'ring taps,
 Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
 O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and flap,
 As high as ony *Roman* wa'. 4

Driving

Driving their baws fra whins or tee,
 There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
 Nor douffer fowk wyfing a jee
 The byafs bouls on *Tamson's* green. 8

Then sling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
 And beek the house baith butt and ben,
 That mutchken stoup it hads but dribs,
 Then let's get in the tappit hen. 12

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
 And drives away the winter soon;
 It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
 And heaves his faul beyond the moon. 16

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
 If that they think us worth their while,
 They can a rowth of blessings spare,
 Which will our fashous fears beguile. 20

For what they have a mind to do,
 That will they do, should we gang wood;
 If they command the storms to blaw,
 Then upo' fight the hailstains thud. 24

But soon as e'er they cry, Be quiet,
 The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
 But cour into their caves, and wait
 The high command of supreme *Jove*. 28

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
 The present minute's only ours;
 On pleasure let's employ our wit,
 And laugh at fortune's feckless powers. 32

216 *To the Ph——, an ODE.*

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
 Of ilka joy when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung. 36

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time,
 Then lads and lasses while it's *May*,
 Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay. 40

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When *Jenny* speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you if she kepp ony skaith. 44

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook ;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide her fell in some dark nook : 48

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tells you to your face,
 Nineteen nay-says are haff a grant. 52

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs,
 Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs, 56

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant ;
 Then, surly carles, wisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant. 60

To

To Mr. WILLIAM AIKMAN.

'TIS granted, Sir, pains may be spar'd
 Your merit to set forth,
 When there's sae few wha claim regard,
 That disna ken your worth. 4

Yet poets give immortal fame
 To mortals that excel,
 Which if neglected they're to blame;
 But you've done that your sell. 8

While frae originals of yours
 Fair copies shall be tane,
 And fix'd on bras to busk our bow'rs,
 Your mem'ry shall remain. 12

To your ain deeds the maist deny'd,
 Or of a taste o'er fine,
 May be ye're but o'er right, afraid
 To sink in verse like mine. 16

The last can ne'er the reason prove,
 Else wherefore with good will
 Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,
 And help me up the hill? 20

By your assistance unconstrain'd
 To courts I can repair,
 And by your art my way I've gain'd
 To closets of the fair. 24

Had I a muse like lofty *Pope*
 For tow'ring numbers fit,
 Then I th' ingenious mind might hope
 In truest light to hit. 28
 But

218 *To Sir WILLIAM BENNET.*

But comick tale and sonnet flee
Are coosten for my share,
And if in these I bear the gree,
I'll think it very fair.

32

*Spoken to three YOUNG LADIES, who
would have me to determine which of them
was the bonniest.*

ME anes three beauties did surround,
And ilka beauty gave a wound,
Whilst they with smiling eye,
Said, *Allan*, which think ye maist fair?
Gi'e judgment frankly, never spare.
Hard is the task, said I:

5

But added, seeing them sae free,
Ladies, ye maun say mair to me,
And my demand right fair is;
First, like the gay celestial three,
Shaw a' your charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,
Faith I shall be your *Paris*.

10

*To Sir WILLIAM BENNET of Grub-
bet, Bart.*

WHILE now in discord giddy changes reel,
And some are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,
You with undaunted stalk, and brow serene,
May trace your groves, and press the dewy green;

No

No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound, 5
Or horrid dreams to make your sleep unsound.

To such as you who can mean care despise,
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt earth and skies.
Not hurried with the thirst of unjust gain,
You can delight yourself on hill or plain, 10
Observing when those tender sprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant sweets the youthful year.
Your lovely scenes of *Marlefield* abound
With as much choice as is in *Britain* found :
Here fairest plants from nature's bosom start 15
From soil prolific, serv'd with curious art :
Here oft the heedful gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders through an artificial wild,
While native flow'ry green, and cristal strands,
Appear the labours of ingenious hands. 20

Most happy he who can those sweets enjoy
With taste refin'd, which does not easy cloy.
Not so *Plebeian* souls, whom sporting fate
Thrusts into life upon a large estate,
While spleen their weak imagination sow'rs, 25
They're at a loss how to employ their hours :
The sweetest plants which fairest gardens show,
Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow.
Such purblind eyes ne'er view the son'rous page.
Where shines the raptures of poetick rage ; 30
Nor through the microscope can take delight,
T' observe the tusks and bristles of a mite ;
Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to descry
These shining worlds which roll around the sky.
Bid such read hist'ry to improve their skill, 35
Polite excuse ! their memories are ill.

Nell's

220 Epistle to a Friend at Florence.

Mol's maps may in their dining-rooms make show,
But their contents they're not oblig'd to know ;
And gen'rous friendship's out of sight too fine,
They think it only means a glass of wine. 40

But he whose chearful mind hath higher flown,
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own,
Has seen the world, and read the volume *man*,
And can the springs and ends of actions scan ;
Has fronted deaths in service of his king, 45
And drunken deep of the *Castalian* spring ;
This man can live—and happiest life's his due, }
Can be a friend—a virtue known to few ; }
Yet all such virtues strongly shine in you. }

An EPISTLE to a Friend at Florence, in his way to Rome.

YOUR steady impulse foreign climes to view,
To study nature, and what art can shew,
I now approve, while my warm fancy walks
O'er *Italy*, and with your genius talks ;
We trace with glowing breast and piercing look, 5
The curious gall'ry of th' illustrious duke,
Where all those masters of the arts divine,
With pencils, pens, and chizels greatly shine,
Immortalizing the *Augustan* age,
On medals, canvas, stone, or written page. 10
Profiles and busts originals express,
And antique scrolls, old ere we knew the press.
For's love to science, and each virtuous *Scot*,
May days unnumber'd be great *Cosmus*' lot.

The

The beautiful Rose-Tree, &c. 221

The sweet *Hesperian* fields you'll next explore, 15
'Twixt *Arnus'* banks and *Tiber's* fertile shore.
Now, now I wish my organs could keep pace,
With my fond muse and you these plains to trace ;
We'd enter *Rome* with an uncommon tale,
And feed our minds on every famous wate ; 20
Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs,
Triumphal arches, ruins of vast domes,
Old aerial aqueducts, and strong pav'd roads,
Which seem to've been not wrought by men but
gods. 24

These view'd, we'd then survey with utmost care
What modern *Rome* produces fine or rare,
Where buildings rise with all the strength of art,
Proclaiming their great architect's desert,
Which citron shades surround and jessamin,
And all the soul of *Raphael* shines within : 30
Then we'd regale our ears with sounding notes,
Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless throats,
Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious strings,
And breathing tubes, while the soft eunuch sings.

Of all those dainties take a hearty meal; 35
But let your resolution still prevail :
Return, before your pleasure grow a toil,
To longing friends, and your own native soil :
Preserve your health, your virtue still improve,
Hence you'll invite protection from above. 40

The beautiful ROSE-TREE inclosed.

WITH awe and pleasure we behold thy sweets,
Thy lovely roses have their pointed guards,
Yet tho' the gath'rer opposition meets,
The fragrant purchase all his pain rewards. 4

222 *To R—H—B—, an ODE.*

But hedg'd about and watch'd with warry eyes,
 O plant superior, beautiful and fair,
 We view thee like yon stars which gem the skies,
 But equally to gain we must despair. 8

Ah! wert thou growing on some secret plain,
 And found by me, how ravish'd would I meet
 All thy transporting charms to ease my pain,
 And feast my raptur'd soul on all that's sweet. 12

Thus sung poor *Simon* : *Simon* was in love,
 His too aspiring passion made him smart ;
 The rose-tree was a mistress far above
 The shepherd's hope, which broke his tender heart.

To R—H—B—, an ODE.

*Nullam Vare sacra vite prius severis arborem,
 Circa mite solum Tiburis et mœnia Catili.* HOR.

O *B—*, cou'd these fields of thine
 Bear as in *Gaul* the juicy vine,
 How sweet the bonny grape wou'd shine
 On wau's where now,
 Your apricocks and peaches fine
 Their branches bow. 6

Since human life is but a blink,
 Why should we its short joys sink ;
 He disna live that canna link
 The glass about,
 When warm'd with wine, like men we think,
 And grow mair stout. 12

The

To R—H—B—, an ODE. 223

The cauldrie carlies clog'd wi' care,
 Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,
 If ram'd we red, they rant and rair
 Like mirthfu' men,
 It soothly shaws them they can spare
 A rowth to spend. 18

What foger, when with wine he's bung,
 Did e'er complain he had been dung,
 Or of his toil, or empty spung;
 Na, o'er his glafs,
 Nought but braw deeds employ his tongue,
 Or some sweet las. 24

Yet trouth, 'tis proper we should stint
 Our fells to a fresh mod'rate pint,
 Why should we (the blyth blessing) mint
 To waift or spill,
 Since, aften, when our reason's tint
 We may do ill. 30

Let's set these hair-brain'd fowk in view,
 That when they're stupid, mad and fow
 Do brutal deeds, which aft they rue
 For a' their days,
 Which frequently prove very few
 To such as these. 36

Then let us grip our blifs mair ficker,
 And tape our heal, and sprightly liquor,
 Which sober tane makes wit the quicker,
 And sense mair keen,
 While graver heads that's muckle thicker
 Grane with' the spleen. 42

May

224 CLYD'S *Welcome to his Prince.*

May ne'er sic wicked fumes arise
 In me shall break a' sacred ties,
 And gar me like a fool despise
 With stiffness rude,
 Whatever my best friends advise,
 Tho' ne'er so gude. 50

'Tis best then to evite the sin
 Of bending 'till our sauls gae blin,
 Lest, like our glafs, our breasts grow thin,
 And let fowk peep,
 At ilka secrete hid within
 That we should keep. 56

CLYDE'S *Welcome to his Prince.*

WHAT cheerful sounds from ev'ry side I hear,
 How beauteous on their banks my nymphs
 appear,
 Got throw these massy mountains at my source,
 O'er rocks stupendous of my upper course.
 To these fair plains where I more smoothly move, 5
 Throw verdant vales to meet *Evana's* love.
 Yonder she comes beneath *Dodona's* shade,
 How blyth she looks ! how sweet and gaylie clade ;
 Her flow'ry bounds bears all the pride of *May*,
 While round her soft meanders shepherds play. 10
 Hail, lovely *Naiad* ! to my bosom large,
 Amidst my stores commit thy cristal charge.
 And speak these joys all thy deportment shews,
 That to old ocean I may have good news.

4. Rocks stupendous.) The river falls over several high precipices, such as Corray's Lin, Stane-Byre Lin, &c.

6. *Evana*.) The small river *Evan* which joins *Clyde* near *Hamilton*.

With

CLYDE'S *Welcome to his Prince.* 225

With solemn voice, thus spoke majestick *Clyde*, 15
In softer notes lov'd *Evan* thus reply'd.

Great *Glotta*, long have I had cause to mourn,
While my forsaken stream gush'd from my urn;
Since my late LORD, his nation's just delight,
Greatly lamented sunk in endless night. 20
His hopeful STEM, our chief desire and boast,
Expos'd to danger on some foreign coast,
Lonely for years, I've murmur'd on my way,
When dark I wept, and sigh'd in shining day.

The fire return'd, just reasons for thy pains, 25
So long to wind through solitary plains :
Thy loss was mine, I sympathiz'd with thee,
Since one our griefs, then share thy joys with me.

Then hear me, liquid chistain of the dale,
Hush all your cat'racts, 'till I tell my tale, 30
Then rise and roar, and kiss your bord'ring flowers,
And sound our joys around yon lordly towers ;
Yon lordly towers, which happy now contain,
Our brave and youthful PRINCE return'd again.

Welcome, in loudest raptures cry'd the flood, 35
His welcome echo'd from each hill and wood ;
Enough *Evana*, long may they contain .
The noble youth safely return'd again.
From the green mountain where I lift my head,
With my twin brothers *Annan* and the *Tweed*, 40
To those high arches where, as *Culdees* sing,
The pious *Mungo* fish'd the trout and ring.

39. Green mountain.) From the same hill the rivers Clyde, Tweed and Annan have their rise, yet run to three different seas, viz. the Northern ocean, the German ocean, and the Irish sea.

41. High arches.) The bridge of Glasgow, where, as 'tis reported, St. Mungo, the patron of that city, drew up a fish that brought him a ring, which had been dropt ; which miracle Glasgow retains the memory of in their arms.

226 CLYDE'S *Welcome to his Prince.*

My fairest nymphs shall on my margin play,
 And make ev'n all the year one holy day.
 The *Sylvan* powers and watches of each hight, 45
 Where fleecy flocks and climbing goats delight,
 Shall from their groves and rocky mountains roam,
 To join with us, and sing his welcome home.
 With lofty notes we'll found his high descent,
 His dawning merits and heroick bent. 50
 These early rays which stedfastly shall shine,
 And add new glories to his ancient line;
 A line ay loyal, and fir'd with generous zeal,
 The bravest patrons of the common-weal.
 From him who plung'd his sword (so muses sing) 55
 Deep in his breast, who durst defame our king:
 We'll sing the fire, which in his bosom glows
 To warm his friends, and scorch his daring foes;
 Endow'd with all these sweet, yet manly charms,
 As fits him for the fields of love, or arms: 60
 Fixt in an high and independant state,
 Above to act what's little, to be great.

Guard him, first power, whose hand directs the sun,
 And teach me through caverns dark to run;
 Long may he on his own fair plains reside, 65
 And slight my rival *Thames*, and love his *Clyde*.

55. So muses sing.) Vide the ingenious Mr. Patrick Gordon's account of this illustrious family in his poem on the valiant atchievements of our great king Robert, surnam'd the Bruce, page 45, beginning at this stanza, the prophet speaks to our monarch.

- ' Now in thy time, quoth he, there shall arrive
- ' A worthy knight, that from his native land
- ' Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive,
- ' In glorious fight, a knight that shall withstand
- ' Thy praises due, while he doth thee describe;
- ' Yea, even this knight, shall with victorious hand
- ' Come here, whose name his seed shall eternize,
- ' And still thy virtuous line shall sympathize.'

On the Most Honourable the Marquess of
BOWMONT's cutting off his Hair.

SHALL *Berenice's* tresses mount the skies,
And by the muse to shining fame arise;
Belinda's lock invite the smoothest lays
Of him whose merit claims the *British* bays,
And not, dear *Bowmont*, beautiful and young, 5
The graceful ringlets of thy head be sung!
How many tender hearts thine eyes have pain'd!
How many sighing nymphs thy locks have chain'd!

The god of love beheld him with envy,
And on *Cyth'ra's* lap began to cry, 10
All drench'd in tears, O mother, help your son!
Else by a mortal rival I'm undone;
With happy charms h' incroaches on my sway,
His beauty disconcerts the plots I lay.
When I've made *Cloe* her humble slave admire, 15
Straight he appears and kindles new desire;
She sighs for him, and all my art beguiles,
Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.
Ah me! these sable circles of his hair,
Which wave around his beauties red and fair, 20
I cannot bear! *Adonis* would seem dim,
With all his flaxen locks, if plac'd by him.

Venus reply'd, No more, my dearest boy,
Shall those enchanting curls thy peace destroy;
For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow, 25
Or round his cheek, or on his shoulders flow;
I'll use my flight, and make them quickly feel
Their honour's lost by the invading steel:

Q 2

I'll

228 *To some* YOUNG LADIES, &c.

I'll turn myself in shape of mode and health,
 And gain upon his youthful mind by stealth : 30
 Three times the sun shall not have rouz'd the morn,
 E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn.

The promise she perform'd ; but labour vain,
 And still shall prove, while his bright eyes remain ;
 And of revenge blind *Cupid* must despair, 35
 As long's the lovely sex are grac'd with hair ;
 They'll yield the conquering glories of their heads,
 To form around his beauty, easy shades ;
 And in return, *Thalia* spaes and sings,
 His lop'd-off locks shall sparkle in their rings. 40

To some YOUNG LADIES, who had been
 displeased at a Gentleman's too imprudently as-
 serting, that to be condemn'd to perpetual Vir-
 ginity, was the greatest Punishment could be
 inflicted on any of their Sex.

W Hether condemn'd to virgin state
 By the superior powers,
 Would to your sex prove cruel fate,
 I'm sure it would to ours. 4

From you the numerous nations spring,
 Your breasts our being save,
 Your beauties make the youthful sing,
 And sooth the old and grave. 8

Alas !

To some YOUNG LADIES, &c. 229

Alas ! how soon would every wight
Dispise both wit and arms,
To primitive old chaos night
We'd sink without your charms. 12

No more our breath would be our care,
Were love from us exil'd,
Sent back to heaven with all the fair,
This world would turn a wild. 16

Regardless of these sacred ties,
Wife, husband, father, son,
All government we would despise,
And like wild tygers run. 20

Then, ladies, pardon the mistake,
And with th' accus'd agree,
I beg it for each lover's sake,
Low bended on my knee. 24

And frankly wish what has been said
By the audacious youth,
Might be your thought ; but I'm afraid
It will not prove a truth. 28

For often, ah ! you make us groan
By your too cold disdain,
'Then quarrel with us when we moan
And rave amidst our pain. 32

To Mr. JOSEPH MITCHEL, on the successful Representation of a Tragedy wrote by him.

BUT jealousie, dear Jos, which aft gives pain
 To scrimpit fauls, I own mysell right vain
 To see a native trusty friend of mine
 Sac brawly 'mang our bleezing billies shine.
 Yes, wherefore no, shaw them the frozen north 5
 Can tow'ring minds with heav'nly heat bring forth;
 Minds that can mount with an uncommon wing,
 And frae black heath'ry-headed mountains sing,
 As fast as he that haughs *Hesperian* trades,
 Or leans beneath the *Aromatick* shades. 10
 Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,
 Still something great a *Scottish* bosom warms:
 Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in snaw,
 Honour and liberty eggs him to draw
 A hero's sword, or an heroick quill, 15
 The monst'rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may ye further in your leal design,
 To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine
 The wrang opinion which they lang have had,
 That a' which mounts the stage—is surely bad. 20
 Stupidly dull! but fools ay fools will be,
 And nane's sae blind as them that winna see.
 Where's vice and virtue set in juster light?
 Where can a glancing genius shine mair bright?
 Where can we human life review mair plain, 25
 Than in the happy plot and curious scene?

COLIN and GRISY parting. 231

If in themfells sic fair designs were ill,
 We ne'er had priev'd the sweet dramatic skill
 Of *Congreve*, *Addison*, *Steel*, *Rowe*, and *Hill*;
Hill, wha the highest road to fame doth chuse,
 And has some upper seraph for his muse:
 It maun be sae, else how could he display
 With so just strength the great tremendous day.

Sic patterns, *Joseph*, always keep in view,
 Ne'er faish if ye can please the thinking few,
 Then, spite of malice, worth shall have its due.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, Woes my Heart that we shou'd sunder.

WITH broken words and downcast eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his passion tender,
 And parting with his *Grisy* cries,
 Ah! woes my heart that we should sunder. 4

To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go,
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder. 8

Chain'd to thy charms I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder.
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder, 12
 Q 4 The

232 *Spoken to two Young Ladies.*

The image of thy graceful air,
And beauties which invite our wonder,
Thy lively wit and prudence rare
Shall still be present tho' we funder. 16

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder ;
Then seal a promise with a kiss,
Always to love me tho' we funder. 20

Ye gods, take care of my dear las,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that blest time shall come to pass
We'll meet again and never funder. 24

*Spoken to two YOUNG LADIES, who ask'd
if I could say any thing on them : One excell'd
in a beautiful Complexion, the other in fine
Eyes.*

To the first.

UPON your cheek fits blooming youth.

To the other.

Heaven sparkles in your eye.

To both.

There's something sweet about each mouth,
Dear ladies, let me try.

The

The MILL, MILL—O. A Song.

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
 Was sleeping sound and still—O,
 A' lowan wi' love my fancy did rove,
 Around her with good will—O ;
 Her bosom I prefs'd, but sunk in her rest,
 She stirdna my joy to spill—O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill—O. 8

Oblig'd by command in *Flanders* to land,
 T^e employ my courage and skill—O ;
 Frae 'er quietly I staw, hois'd sails and awa,
 For wind blew fair on the hill—O. 12
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud fraising
 fame
 Tald me with a voice right shill—O
 My las' like a fool had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha'd done er the ill—O. 16

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speer'd how she fell—O,
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,
 Sweet fir, gin I can tell—O. 20
 Love gae the command, I took her by th' hand,
 And bade her a' fears expell—O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed mysell—O. 24

15: The stool,) viz, of repentance.

My

234 *The POET'S WISH.*

My bonny sweet las on gowany the grafs,
 Beneath the *Shilling-hill*—O,
 If I did offence I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*—O. 28
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
 And the cogging of the wheel—O ;
 The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
 And round with a foger reel—O. 32

The Poet's Wish. An ODE.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
 Vautes ? —*

HOR.

FRAE great *Apollo*, poet say,
 What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,
 When thou bows at his shrine ?
 Not *Karst* o' *Gowrie's* fertile field,
 Nor a' the flocks the *Grampians* yield, 5
 That are baith sleek and fine :
 Not costly things brought frae afar,
 As ivory, pearl and gems ;
 Nor those fair straths that water'd are
 With *Tay* and *Tweed's* smooch streams, 10
 Which gently and daintily
 Eat down the flow'ry braes,
 As greatly and quietly
 They wimple to the seas.
 Whatever by his kanny fate 15
 Is master of a good estate,
 That can ilk thing afford,

26. *Shilling-hill*.) Where they winnow the chaff from the
 corn,

Let

The POET'S WISH. 235

Let him enjoy't withoutten care,
And with the wale of curious fare
Cover his ample board. 20

Much dawted by the gods is he,
Wha to the *Indian* plain,
Successfu' ploughs the wally sea,
And safe returns again,

With riches that hitches 25
Him high aboon the the rest
Of sma' fowk, and a' fowk
That are wi' poortith preft.

For me, I can be well content
To eat my bannock on the bent, 30
And kitchen't wi' fresh air ;
Of lang-kail I can make a feast,
And cantily had up my crest,
And laugh at dishes rare.

Nought frae *Apollo* I demand, 35
But throw a lengthen'd life
My outer fabrick firm may stand,
And saul clear without strife.

May he then but gie then
Those blessings for my skair, 40
I'll fairly and squairly
Quite a' and seek nae mair.

The Response of the ORACLE.

TO keep thy saul frae puny strife,
And heeze thee out of vulgar life,
We, in a morning dream,
Whisper'd

236 CONCLUSION.

Whisper'd our will concerning thee,
 To *Marlus*, stretch'd beneath a tree,
 Hard by a pop'ling stream ;
 He, full of me, shall point the way
 Where thou a star shalt see, 50
 The influence of whose bright ray
 Shall wing thy muse to flee.
 Mair speer na, and fear na,
 But set thy mind to rest,
 Aspire ay still high'r ay, 55
 And always hope the best.

The CONCLUSION.

*After the manner of HORACE, Ad librum
 suum.*

DEAR vent'rous book, e'en take thy will,
 And scowp around the warld thy fill :
 Wow ! ye're newfangle to be seen,
 In gilded *Turkey* clad, and clean.
 Dast giddy thing ! to dare thy fate,
 And spang o'er dykes that scar the blate :
 But mind when anes ye're to the bent,
 (Altho' in vain) ye may repent.
 Alake, I'm fledd thou aften meet
 A gang that will thee sourly treat, 10
 And ca' thee dull for a' thy pains,
 When damps distress their drouzie brains.
 I dinna doubt, whilst thou art new,
 Thou'lt favour find frae not a few ;
 But

CONCLUSION. 237

But when thou'rt ruff'd and forfairn, 15
 Sair thumb'd by ilka coof or bairn ;
 Then, then by age ye may grow wise,
 And ken things common gies nae price.
 I'd fret, wae's me ! to see thee lye
 Beneath the bottom of a pye ; 20
 Or cow'd out page by page, to wrap
 Up snuff, or sweeties in a shap.

Awa' sic fears, gae spread my fame,
 And fix me an immortal name ;
 Ages to come shall thee revive, 25
 And gar thee with new honours live.
 The future criticks I forsee
 Shall have their notes on notes on thee :
 The wits unborn shall beauties find
 That never enter'd in my mind. 30

Now when thou tells how I was bred
 But hough enough to a mean trade ;
 To ballance that, pray let them ken
 My faul to higher pitch cou'd stien :
 And when ye shaw I'm scarce of gear, 35
 Gar a' my virtues shine mair clear.
 Tell, I the best and fairest please,
 A little man that loo's my ease,
 And never thole these passions lang
 That rudely mint to do me rang. 40

Gin ony want to ken my age,
 See *Anno Dom.* on title-page ;

32. Hough enough.) Very indifferently,

This

238 CONCLUSION.

This year when springs by care and skill
 The spacious leaden conduits fill,
 And first flow'd up the *Castle-hill*;
 When *South-Sea* projects cease to thrive,
 And only *North-Sea* seem alive,
 Tell them your author's thirty-five.

45

44. The spacious, &c.) The new lead pipes for conveying water to Edinburgh, of 4 inches and a half diameter within, and 6 10ths of an inch in thickness; all cast in a mould invented by the ingenious Mr. Harding of London.



F I N I S.



